LETTERS

TO HIS MOTHER

ANN BORROW

AND OTHER CORRESPONDENTS

BY

GEORGE BORROW

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
1913

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LETTERS

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LETTERS TO ANN BORROW

AND OTHER CORRESPONDENTS

LETTER I.

To ANN BORROW.

SPAIN,
[*Post-mark February 9th*, 1838.]

MY DEAR MAMA,

As I am afraid that you may not have received my last letter in consequence of several couriers having been stopped, I write to inform you that I am quite well.

I have been in some difficulties. I was selling so many Testaments that the Priests became alarmed, and prevailed on the government to

put a stop to my selling any more. They were likewise talking of prosecuting me as a Witch, but they have thought better of it.

I hear it is very cold in England. Pray take care of yourself. I shall send you more in a few weeks.

God bless you,

My Dear Mama,

G. B.

Letter II.

To A Correspondent.

Oulton,
Lowestoft,
Suffolk.
August 11*th*, 1843.

My Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your interesting and kind letter, in which you do me the honour to ask my opinion respecting the pedigree of your island goblin, *le feu follet Belenger;* that opinion I cheerfully give, with a promise that it is only an opinion; in hunting for the etymons of these fairy names we can scarcely expect to arrive at any thing like certainty.

I suppose you are aware that the name of Bilenger, or Billinger, is of occasional though by no means frequent occurrence both in England

and France. You have heard of Billings-gate, and of Billing-ham, the unfortunate assassin of poor Percival. Likewise of Billing-ton, all modifications of the same root; Belingart, Bilings-home or Billing-ston. But what is Billin*ger*? Clearly that which is connected some way or other with Billing. You will find *ger*, or something like it, in most European tongues—Boulan*ger*, horolo*ger*, tal*ker* wal*ker*, ba*ker*, bre*wer*, beg*gar*. In Welsh it is of frequent occurrence in the shape of *ur* or *gwr* —hin*ur* (an elder), her*wr* (a prow*ler*); in Russian the ger, gwr, ur, er, appears in the shape of *ik* or *k*—Sapojgn*ik*, a shoemaker, Chinobu*ik*, a man possessed of rank. The root of all these, as well as of *or* in Senator, victor, etc., is the same as *ker* or *kir*, which means, Lord, master, maker, doer, possessor of something or connected with something.

We want now to come at the meaning of Beling or Billing, which probably means some

action, or some moral or personal attribute. Bolvile in Anglo-Saxon means honest, Danish Bollig ; Wallen, in German, to wanken or move restlessly about ; Baylan, in Spanish, to dance, connected with which are to whirl, to fling, and possibly Walloon and Fleming.

Belenger therefore may mean a Billiger or honest fellow, or it may mean a Walter-*ger*, a whirl*enger*, a flinger or something connected with restless motion.

Allow me to draw your attention to the word "Will" in the English word "Will of the wisp." It must not be supposed that this "Will" is the abbreviation of William ; it is pure Danish, "Vild," pronounced "will," and signifies wild, "Vilden Visk ; Vilden Visk, the wild or moving wisp. I can adduce another instance of the corruption of the Danish "vild" into "will." The rustics of this part of England are in the habit of saying "they are led will" (vild or wild),

when from intoxication or some other cause they are bewildered at night and cannot find their way home. This expression is clearly from the old Norse or Danish. I am not at all certain that "Bil" in Bilinger may not be this same "will" or "Vild," and that the word may not be a corruption of Vilden, old or elder, wild or flying fire.

It has likewise occurred to me that Bilinger may be derived from "Volundr," the worship of the blacksmith or Northern Vulcan.

[GEORGE BORROW.]

Letter III.

To Mary Borrow.

Constantinople.
September 16th, 1844.

My Darling Carreta,

I am about to leave Constantinople and to return home. I have given up the idea of going to Russia. I find that if I go to Odessa I shall have to remain in quarantine for fourteen days, which I have no inclination to do; I am moreover anxious to get home, being quite tired of wandering, and desirous of being once more with my loved ones.

This is a most interesting place, but unfortunately it is extremely dear. The Turks

have no inns, and I am here at an English one, at which, though everything is comfortable, the prices are very high. To-day is Monday, and next Friday I purpose starting for Salonica, in a steamboat—Salonica is in Albania. I shall then cross Albania, a journey of about three hundred miles, and get to Corfu, from which I can either get to England across Italy and down the Rhine, or by way of Marseilles and across France. I shall not make any stay in Italy if I go there, as I have nothing to see there.

I shall be so glad to be at home with you once again, and to see my dear mother and Hen. Tell Hen that I picked up for her in one of the bazaars a curious Armenian coin; it is silver, small, but thick, with a most curious inscription upon it. I gave fifteen piasters for it. I hope it and the rest will get safe to England. I have bought a chest, which I intend to send by sea, and I have picked up a great many

books and other things, and I wish to travel light; I shall, therefore, only take a bag with a few clothes and shirts. It is possible that I shall be at home soon after your receiving this, or at most three weeks after—I hope to write to you again from Corfu, which is a British island with a British garrison in it, like Gibraltar.

The English newspapers came last week. I see those wretched French cannot let us alone, they want to go to war; well, let them—they richly deserve a good drubbing. The people here are very kind in their way, but home is home, especially such a one as mine, with true hearts to welcome me.

Oh, I was so glad to get your letters; they were rather of a distant date, it is true, but they quite revived me. I hope you are all well, and my dear mother. Since I have been here I have written to Mr. Lord. I was glad to hear that he has written to Hen. I hope Lucy is well;

pray remember me most kindly to her, and tell her that I hope to see her soon. I count so on getting into my summer-house again, and sitting down to write; I have arranged my book in my mind, and though it will take me a great deal of trouble to write it, I feel that when it is written it will be first-rate.

My journey with God's help has done me a great deal of good—I am stronger than I was, and I can now sleep. I intend to draw on England for forty or fifty pounds; if I don't want the whole of it, it will be all the same. I have still some money left, but I have no wish to be stopped on my journey for want of it. I am sorry about what you told me respecting the railway, sorry that the old coach is driven off the road. I shall patronise it as little as possible, but stick to the old route and Thurton George. What a number of poor people will these railroads deprive of their bread. I am grieved at

what you say about poor M. —— He can take her into custody however, and oblige her to support the children; such is law, though the property may have been secured to her, she can be compelled to do that.

Tell Hen that there is a mosque here, called the mosque of Sultan Bajazet; it is full of sacred pigeons; there is a corner of the court to which the creatures flock to be fed, like bees, by hundreds and thousands; they are not at all afraid, as they are never killed. Every place where they can roost is covered with them, their impudence is great; they sprang originally from two pigeons brought from Asia by the Emperor of Constantinople. They are of a deep blue.

God bless you, dearest,

G. B.

Letter IV.

To Mary Borrow.

Oxford.
February 2nd, [1846]

Dear Carreta,

I reached this place yesterday, and hope to be home to-night (Monday). I walked the whole way by Kingston, Hampton, Sunbury (Miss Oriel's place), Windsor, Wallingford, &c.—a good part of the way by the Thames. There has been much wet weather. Oxford is a wonderful place. Kiss Hen, and God bless you!

[George Borrow.]

Letter V.

To Mary Borrow.

Tunbridge Wells,
Tuesday evening.
[1846]

Dear Carreta,

I have arrived here safe. It is a wonderful place, a small city of palaces amidst hills, rocks, and woods, and is full of fine people. Please to carry upstairs and lock in the drawer the little paper sack of letters in the parlour; lock it up with the bank book, and put this along with it—also be sure to keep the window of my room fastened and the door locked, and keep the key in your pocket. God bless you and Hen.

[George Borrow.]

Letter VI.

To Mary Borrow.

Tuesday afternoon,
[1848]

My Dear Wife,

I just write you a line to tell you that I am tolerably well, as I hope you are.

Every thing is in confusion abroad. The French King has disappeared and will probably never be heard of, though they are expecting him in England. Funds are down nearly to 80. The Government have given up the income tax, and people are very glad of it. I am not. With respect to the funds, if I were to sell out I should

not know what to do with the money. J. says they will rise. I do not think they will; they may, however, fluctuate a little.

Keep up your spirits, my heart's dearest, and kiss old Hen for me.

G. B.

Letter VII.

To Mary Borrow.

53a Pall Mall.
[1848]

Dear Carreta,

I hope you received my last letter written on Tuesday.

I am glad that I came to London. I find myself much the better for having done so, I was going on in a very spiritless manner. Everybody I have met seems very kind and glad to see me. Murray seems to be thoroughly staunch. Cooke, to whom I mentioned the F. T. says that Murray was delighted with the idea, and will be very glad of the 4th of *Lavengro*. I am going to dine with Murray today, Thursday. W. called upon me today.

I wish you would send me a blank cheque in a letter so that if I want money I may be able to draw for a little. I shall not be long from home, but now I am here I wish to do all that's necessary. If you send me a blank cheque I suppose W. or M. would give me the money. I hope you got my last letter. I received yours, and C. has just sent the two copies of L. you wrote for, and I believe some engravings of the picture. I shall wish to return it by the packet if possible, and will let you know when I am coming. I hope to write again shortly to tell you some more news. How is mother and Hen and how are the creatures? I hope all well. I trust you like all I propose; now I am here I want to get two or three things, to go to the Museum, and to arrange matters.

God bless you.

[GEORGE BORROW.]

Love to Mother and Hen.

Letter VIII.

To Mary Borrow.

58 Jermyn St,
St. James',
[1848]

Dear Carreta,

I got here safe, and upon the whole had not so bad a journey as might be expected. I put up at the Spread Eagle for the night, for I was tired and hungry. I have got into my old lodgings as you see, those on the second floor. They are very nice ones with every convenience; they are expensive it is true, but they are cheerful, which is a grand consideration for me. I have as yet seen nobody, for it is only now a little past eleven. I can scarcely at present tell

you what my plans are, perhaps tomorrow I shall write again.

Kiss Hen, and God bless you.

G. B.

Letter IX.

To Mary Borrow.

58 Jermyn St,
St. James',
Wednesday,
[1848]

Dear Carreta,

I was glad to receive your letter, I had expected one on Tuesday. I am upon the whole very comfortable, and people are kind. I passed last Sunday at Clapham with Mrs. Browne, I was glad to go there for it was a gloomy day. They are now glad enough to ask me.

I suppose I must stay in London through next week. I have been invited to two grand parties, and it is as well to have something for

one's money. I called at the Bible Society—all remarkably civil, Joseph especially so. I think I shall be able to manage with my own Dictionary. There is now a great demand for Morrison.

Yesterday I again dined at the Murray's, there was a family party — very pleasant. To-morrow I dine with an old schoolfellow. Murray is talking of printing a new edition * to sell for 5 shillings. Those rascals the Americans have it seems reprinted it, and are selling it for *eighteen* pence. Murray says he shall print ten thousand copies; it is chiefly intended for the Colonies. He says the rich people and the libraries have already got it, and he is quite right, for nearly three thousand copies have been sold at *27s.*! There is no longer the high profit to be made on books there formerly was, as the rascals abroad pirate the

* Of *The Bible in Spain.*

good ones, and in the present state of copyright there is no help: we can, however, keep the American editions out of the Colonies, which is something.

I have nothing more to say, save to commend you not to go on the water without *I*; perhaps you would be overset; and do not go to the bridge again, 'till I come. Take care of Habismilk and Craffs. Kiss the little mare, and old Hen.

[GEORGE BORROW.]

Letter X.

To Mary Borrow.

Penquito,
January 27th, 1854.

My Dear Carreta,

I just write you a line to inform you that I have got back safe from the Land's End. I have received your two letters, and hope you received mine from the Land's End. It is probable that I shall yet visit one or two places before I leave Cornwall. I am very much pleased with the country. When you receive this if you please to write a line *by return of post* I think you may; the Tredinnock people wish me to stay with them for a day or two. When you

see the Cobbs pray remember me to them. I am sorry Horace has lost his aunt, he will *miss her*. Love to Hen.

Ever yours, dearest,

G. BORROW.

(Keep this.)

Letter XI.

To Mary Borrow.

Presteyne,
Radnorshire,
Monday Morning,
[1854]

Dear Carreta,

I am just going to start for Ludlow, 18 miles, and hope to be at Shrewsbury on Tuesday night, if not on Wednesday morning.

God bless you and Hen,

J. Borrow.

When I get back I shall have walked more than 400 miles.

Letter XII.

To Mary Borrow.

53a Pall Mall,
London.
[1857]

Dear Wife Carreta,

I arrived here at about five o'clock this morning. Since I saw you I have walked about 250 miles. I walked the whole way from the North to the South, then turning to the East traversed Glamorganshire and the county of Monmouth, and came out at Chepstow. My boots were worn up by the time I reached Swansea, and I was obliged to get them new soled and welted. I walked every inch of the way.

I have seen wonderful mountains, waterfalls, and

people. On the side of the Black Mountains I met a cart load of real Gypsies. They were in a dreadful rage, and were abusing the country right and left. My last ninety miles proved not very comfortable, there was so much rain.

Pray let me have some money by Monday, as I am nearly without any, as you may well suppose, for I was three weeks on my journey. I left you on a Thursday, and reached Chepstow yesterday, Thursday evening. I hope you, my mother, and Hen are well. I have seen M. and C.

God bless you,

Yours,

GEORGE BORROW.

(*Keep this*)

Letter XIII.

To Mary Borrow.

Trecastle,
Brecknockshire,
South Wales.
August 17th, 1857.

Dear Carreta,

I write to you a few words from this place; tomorrow I am going to Llandovery and from there to Carmarthen. For the first three or four days I had dreadful weather. I got only to Worthen the first day, twelve miles, on the next to Montgomery, and so on. It is now very hot; but I am very well, much better than at Shrewsbury. I hope in a few days to write to you again, and soon to be back to you.

God bless you and Hen.

G. Borrow.

Letter XIV.

To Mary Borrow.

Inverness,
September 29th, 1858.

My Dear Carreta,

I have got your letter, and glad enough I was to get it. The day after to-morrow I shall depart from here for Fort Augustus, at some distance up the lake. After staying a few days there, I am thinking of going to the Isle of Mull, but I will write to you if possible from Fort Augustus.

I am rather sorry that I came to Scotland —I was never in such a place in my

life for cheating and imposition, and the farther north you go the worse things seem to be. And yet I believe it is possible to live very cheaply here, that is if you have a house of your own and a wife to go out and make bargains; for things are abundant enough, but if you move about you are at the mercy of innkeepers and suchlike people.

The other day I was swindled out of a shilling by a villain to whom I had given it for change. I ought, perhaps, to have had him up before a magistrate, provided I could have found one. But I was in a wild place, and he had a clan about him, and if I had had him up I have no doubt I should have been outsworn. I, however, have met one fine, noble old fellow. The other night I lost my way amongst horrible moors, and wandered for miles and miles without seeing a soul. At last I saw a light, which came from the window of a rude hovel. I tapped,

at the window, and shouted, and at last an old man came out. He asked me what I wanted, and I told him I had lost my way. He asked me where I came from, and where I wanted to go; and on my telling him he said I had indeed lost my way, for I had got out of it at least four miles, and was going away from the place I wanted to get to. He then said he would show me the way, and went with me for several miles over most horrible places. At last we came to a road where he said he thought he might leave me, and wished me good-night. I gave him a shilling. He was very grateful, and said, after considering, that as I had behaved so handsomely to him he would not leave me yet, as he thought it possible I might yet lose my way. He then went with me three miles farther, and I have no doubt that, but for him, I should have lost my way again the roads were so tangled. I never saw such an old fellow, or one whose conversation was so odd

and entertaining. This happened last Monday night, the night of the day in which I had been swindled of the shilling by the other; I could write a history about those two shillings.

[GEORGE BORROW.]

Letter XV.

To Mrs. MacOubrey.

Oulton,
Lowestoft.
April 1st, 1874.

Dear Henrietta,

I have received your letter of the 30th March. Since I last wrote I have not been well. I have had a great pain in the left jaw, which almost prevented me from eating. I am, however, better now.

I shall be glad to see you and Dr. MacOubrey as soon as you can conveniently come. Send me a line to say when I may expect you. I have no engagements.

Before you come call at No. 36 to enquire

whether anything has been sent there. Leverton had better be employed to make a couple of boxes or cases for the books in the sacks. The sacks can be put on the top in the inside. There is an old coat in one of the sacks in the pocket of which are papers. Let it be put in with its contents just as it is. I wish to have the long white chest and the two deal boxes also brought down. Buy me a thick under-waistcoat like the one I am now wearing, and a lighter one for the summer. Worsted socks are of no use—they scarcely last a day. Cotton ones are poor things, but they are better than worsted.

Kind regards to Dr. MacOubrey.

God bless you!

[GEORGE BORROW.]

Return me this when you come.

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KING HACON'S DEATH

AND

BRAN AND THE BLACK DOG

TWO BALLADS

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KING HACON'S DEATH

AND now has happened in our day
  What was in ancient time foretold:
Beneath his hand all Norroway's land
  Has Hacon brought, the wise and bold.

Full many a warrior summons he
  From all the country far and near;
To Scotland's realm, with shield and helm,
  Across the sea the King will steer.

As many as sword and helm can bear
  With him must sail across the foam;
All of fit age must follow their liege,
  Those who are not may tarry at home.

It was Hacon, Norroway's King,
  Survey'd the gallant band with pride:
"I'm missing one—my Andfindson,
  O where does Olaf the stripling bide?"

Then answer'd him the little footboy,
  Not far that stood from the Monarch's knee:
"Olaf, my Lord, will come on board
  As soon as weigh'd the anchors be."

Then out they stood from Bergen town,
  And out from Bergen's mole, I trow;
Silk is the sail they spread in the gale,
  Painted with blue is the deck below.

"Now Magnus hear, my son so dear,
  At home I tell thee thou must stay:
Aarhus to ward and Bergen to guard,
  For the keys of Norroway's land are they."

"Listen all dearest father mine,
  Recall thy word I entreat of thee;
To rule rough earls and Norroway churls
  Too ignorant far and too young I be."

"Then clothe thee straight and clothe thee well,
  Since thou wilt follow me, my child:
But much I fear thou can'st not bear
  The toss of the sea and its billows wild."

So out they stood from Bergen town,
  And 'twas at fall of evening grey;
The folk on the shore they griev'd full sore
  As that brave armament sail'd away.

And when they came to Lindeness,
  And the mounting billow the sail bespray'd,
In the breeze so fair the ship stood there
  As though to the bottom it fast were made.

Then said the King as he lean'd upon
  His trusty faulchion's hilt of gold:
"I'm here in the dark, is there any clerk
  Or layman here can this thing unfold?"

Then out spoke Nilaus Noderness,
  As a glance he flung upon the deep:
"Doom'd men on board, have we my Lord,
  The truth from thee I cannot keep."

It was our Norroway Hacon then
  Thereat so sorely troubled grew:
"I'm missing one, my Andfindson,
  Why meets not Olaf his father's view?"

Then answer'd him the little footboy,
  As apart he stood from the Norway King:
"Beneath the deck lies Olaf sick,
And much I fear he's suffering."

It was Hacon the Norway King
  To visit Olaf with speed he goes:
"What cheer, what cheer, my Olaf dear?
  Thy state to thy father straight disclose."

"I feel no rest within my breast,
  Methinks my very heart will rend:
Would God, the King of all, would bring
  This horrible night to a speedy end."

They watched o'er Olaf Andfindson,
  They watched o'er Olaf long nights twain;
And Hacon I say, of Norroway,
  By watching thus his death did gain.

It was Olaf Andfindson,
  He yielded up his gentle sprite;
'Twas Hacon grey of Norroway
  Before him held the big wax light.

O then King Hacon distrest he grew,
  The stripling's corse he would not leave:
He pin'd away and sick he lay,
  His hoary Counsellors how they grieve.

"Cheer up," they said. "We've fought and bled,
  And almost won these foreign shores;
But if thou now from us should'st go
  A sad and dreary fate were ours."

"My time is come, I can't survive;
  Write ye my testament, I pray,
When I am gone do ye see done
  What with my dying breath I say:

"My son, King Magnus, I advise
  Ever the law of God to heed;
Justice above all things to love,
  And well, full well, with him 'twill speed.

"Priests and widows let him defend,
  And his reign, I trow, will not be brief;
The outlaw crew let him pursue,
  And hang unpitying every thief.

"These are the first things I request,
  And now I'll crave another thing;
Ye'll bury me with my ancestry
  In our Lady's Church as beseems your King."

To Bergen's shore came tidings o'er
  Which made the hearts of the dauntless faint:
"Hacon is dead, our regal head,
  Relation near to Olaf Saint."

In Orkney isle expir'd the King,
  On a Thursday morning that befell;
'Twas Pentecost when the King they lost,
  The mighty King whom they lov'd so well.

From high Kirkwall now sail'd they all,
  And to Bergen o'er their course they ply;
They laid in grave the Monarch brave,
  In the spot where the Monarch wish'd to lie.

A braver heart ne'er play'd a part,
  And never shone in Minstrel's lay;
No King on earth can vie in worth
  With Hacon the Good of Norroway.

BRAN AND THE BLACK DOG

THE day we went to the hills to chase
  Of dogs we had a brave company ;
There heard we the songs of the feather'd race,
  The blare of the elk, and the roebuck's cry.

In the hills we had no common sport,
  With our dogs and our arms many deer we
    slew ;
When at noon we return'd to our silvan court,
  We were a well-pleas'd, laughing crew.

That night the house of the Fenian king
  With a band of joyous guests was fill'd ;
The manner we sang, whilst we plied the string,
  In which the buck and the elk we kill'd.

The valiant Finn arose next day,
  Just as the sun rose above the foam ;
And he beheld up the Lairgo way,
  A man clad in red with a black dog come.

I'll tell ye what was the stranger's mien:
  His complexion was that of the strawberrie;
White as the canach was his skin,
  Though black his hair, as black could be.

He came up with a lofty gait,
  Said not for shelter he sought our doors;
And wanted neither drink nor meat,
  But would match his dog 'gainst the best of ours.

We brought 'gainst that of the stranger youth
  The very best dogs within our bounds;
But the stranger dog had a desperate tooth,
  And quickly despatch'd for us fifty hounds.

A strange fight this, the great Finn said,
  As he turn'd his face towards his clan;
Then his face with rage grey fiery red,
  And he struck with his fist his good dog Bran.

Bran look'd at his master with much surprise,
  That his master should strike him surprise he felt—
"I could hew from the shoulder the hand," Finn cries,
  "With which my dog that blow I dealt."

Then Bran he shook his collar of gold,
  The mountains echoed with his bay;
His terrible eyes like fire-balls roll'd,
  And his mind was bent upon canine fray.

"Take off from his neck the collar of gold,
  Not right for him now such a thing to bear;
And a free good fight we shall behold
  Betwixt my dog and his black compeer."

Now a likeness I'll draw of my good dog Bran:
  His head was cover'd with shaggy hair,
His breast was broad and its colour tan,
  His houghs were crook'd, his quarters square.

Four yellow feet had he I ween,
  His sides were black but his belly fair;
A tinge of green on his back was seen,
  Of blood-red ears he'd a pointed pair.

The dogs their noses together placed,
  Then their blood was scatter'd on every side:
Desperate the fight, and the fight did last
  'Till the brave black dog in Bran's gripe died.

"O sure was I," did Ossian cry,
  From the pillar of the dogs with stern delight,
"There was no dog in the Finn country
  Could inflict upon Bran the mortal bite.

"O Bran was a stag-hound Morong bred,
  And possess'd each canine guile and sleight;
There was no dog in leash e'er led
  Could consign our dog to the Western height.

"There's many a damsel, heavenly bright,
  With azure eye and yellow hair,
In the land of the son of King Torc this night
  Would be proud with my dog her supper to share."

A grave the valiant hero made
  For his good black dog in the field's green breast;
Full fifty dogs the Fenians laid
  To the pibroch's blast in the hill to the west.

We went to the dwelling of high MacCuol,
  With the king to drink, and dice, and throw;
The king was joyous, his hall was full,
  Though empty and dark this night I trow.

London:
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EMELIAN THE FOOL

A TALE

Translated from the Russian

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1913

INTRODUCTION

THE tale of *Emelian*, of which we give here a version, is highly popular amongst the peasantry of Russia, and is told by them at their merry-makings from the upper shores of the Gulf of Finland to the Ural Mountains. It bears some resemblance to the tale of *Aladdin*, the pike playing in the Russian story much the same part as the lamp in the Arabian one, and it is by no means impossible that both tales are derived from the same myth. But from whatever source the story of *Emelian* may have sprung, the manner in which it is wrought is essentially Russian, and from it, as here rendered, the English reader may form a better idea of the

way of life, and the feelings of the Russian mujiks, or peasantry, than from a dozen common books of travels in Russia. Emelian is represented as a fool, but there is much in what he says and does common to the Russian mujik in general. He lies in the izbushka, or cabin, upon the petsch, or stove, and when told to get up, he says: "What should I get up for?—Mnie zdies teplo, i ia lieniós—'tis warm here, and I am lazy." There spoke the genuine mujik, the most prominent features of whose character are a love of warmth and a hatred of exertion, though, when he chooses to get up and rouse himself, he is capable of very great things, can outwit the tchort himself, bear hunger and fatigue better than any other man, and contend even with the Briton at the game of the bayonet. Perhaps we may hereafter present to the public in an English dress some other popular tales illustrative of the manner of life and ideas of the mujiks, to whom

the attention of the English public has of late been much directed, owing to the ukase of the present Tsar, by which they are emancipated from serfdom,—a measure likely to be productive of much weal or woe throughout his extensive dominions.

The tale is as follows :—

EMELIAN THE FOOL

In a certain village there lived a mujik, or yeoman, who had three sons; two were clever, but the third was a fool, who was called Emelian. When the good man had reached an extreme old age, he called all his sons to him, and said:

"Dear children, I feel that I have not long to live; I therefore leave you house and cattle, which you will divide in equal portions. I also leave you money: a hundred roubles for each."

Soon after these words he died, and his children, having given him a decent funeral, lived very comfortably. After a little time, the brothers of Emelian took it into their heads to start for the city, and employ in traffic the three

hundred roubles which their father had left them; so they said to the fool Emelian:

"Harkee, fool, we are going to the city, and will take your hundred roubles with us, and if our traffic goes on profitably we will buy you a red caftan, a red cap, and red boots; but do you remain at home, and if your sisters-in-law, our wives (for they were married) order you to do anything, be sure you do it."

The fool, wishing to receive the red caftan, red cap, and red boots, told his brothers in reply that he would do whatever his sisters-in-law should order him. After this, his brothers set out for the city, and the fool remained at home, and lived with his sisters-in-law. After some time, on a certain day, when it was winter, and there was a terrible frost, his sisters-in-law told him to go for water; but the fool, who was lying on the petsch, or stove, said:

"Yes, indeed, and why not you?"

"Why not we, you fool?" cried the sisters-in-law; "don't you see what a frost it is? and that none but a man can go out in such weather?"

"But," said he, "I am lazy."

"Lazy?" screamed his sisters-in-law; "won't you presently want something to eat? And if there be no water how can we boil anything?" Thereupon they added, "Very well, when our husbands come home with the red caftan and cap they promised him, we will tell them to give him nothing."

When the fool heard this he thought it best to go, for he wished very much to get the red caftan and cap. So getting down from the petsch he began to put on his stockings and boots, and to dress himself; and when he was quite dressed, he took with him a couple of pails and a hatchet, and went to the river: for the village in which they lived stood very near the river. When he had come to the stream, he began to hew away

at the ice, and when he had made a very big hole, he filled his pails with water, and placing them on the ice, he stood beside the hole, and looked. Now as the fool stood and looked he saw a very large pike swimming in the hole. Fool as Emelian was, he nevertheless wished to catch the pike. He therefore advanced softly, and coming near to it, seized it suddenly with his hand, and pulling it out of the water, placed it in his bosom, and began to make for home. But the pike said to him:

"How's this, fool? for what do you seize me?"

"For what?" said he; "I shall carry you home, and tell my sisters-in-law to boil you."

"Not so, fool, don't carry me home, but put me back into the water, and I will make you a rich man."

But the fool did not believe him, and was making for home. The pike, seeing that the fool did not let him go, said:

"Listen, fool, do but put me into the water, and I will do for you whatsoever you wish, so that every desire of your heart shall be fulfilled."

The fool, hearing these words, was very glad; for, as he was excessively lazy, he thought to himself—

"If the pike does whatever I ask all will be got ready for me, and I shall have no need to work."

He therefore said to the pike:

"I will let you go, only do what you promise."

Thereupon the pike made answer:

"First place me in the water, and I will fulfil my promise."

But the fool said to him that he must first of all perform his promise, and that he would then let him go.

The pike, seeing that he would not put him into the water, said:

"If you wish me to do for you what you want,

you must now tell me what it is that you desire."

The fool said:

"I desire that my pails of water should march of themselves up the hill" (for the village stood upon a hill), "but so that none of the water be spilt out of them."

The pike immediately said to him:

"Remember, Emelian, the words which I am about to say to you, and the words are as follows: 'At the pike's behest, and at my request, march, pails, by yourselves up the hill.'"

The fool repeated the words after the pike:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request march, pails, by yourselves up the hill."

Forthwith the pails, and the yoke by which he was wont to carry them, marched of themselves up the hill. Emelian, seeing this, was very much surprised, and said to the pike:

"Will it always be so?"

To which the pike made answer:

"All things you wish will be done, even as this has been done: only don't forget the words which I have taught you."

Thereupon he released the pike into the water, and went himself after his pails. The neighbours, seeing what was going on, were filled with wonder, and said, amongst themselves—

"What is the fool about? The pails of water walk of themselves, and he walks after them."

But Emelian, without saying anything to them, went home, and the pails went of themselves into the keeping-room, and placed themselves on the bench, while the fool mounted upon the petsch. A little time after, his sisters-in-law said to him again:

"Emelian, what do you lie there for? go and cut some wood."

But the fool said:

"Yes, indeed, and why not you?"

"We?" screamed his sisters-in-law; "it is now winter, and if you do not go and cut some wood you will soon be cold."

"I am lazy," said the fool.

"Lazy?" said his sisters-in-law to him, "then you will be frozen."

Thereupon they added:

"If you don't go and cut wood we will tell our husbands not to give you the red caftan, nor the red cap, nor the boots."

The fool, from the desire which he felt to obtain the red caftan, cap, and boots, was obliged to comply with their request. But as he was thoroughly lazy, and did not wish to get down from the petsch, he said these words softly as he lay:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, go, hatchet, now, and cut down wood; and do you,

wood, come of yourself to the room, and stow yourself within the stove."

Forthwith, the hatchet, without anyone taking it, hopped forth, and began to cut away, and the wood of itself came into the room, and stowed itself in the stove, at the sight of which the sisters-in-law wondered much at the craft of Emelian; and every day, when the fool only ordered the hatchet to go out and cut wood, the hatchet went and cut some. And in this manner he lived with his sisters-in-law for some time. At length, his sisters-in-law said to him:

"Emelian! we have no wood, so pray go out into the forest and cut some."

The fool said:

"Why don't you go yourselves?"

"How should we go?" replied his sisters-in-law; "the forest is a great way off, and as it is now winter, it is too cold for us to go to the forest for wood."

But the fool said to them:

"I am lazy."

"Lazy!" cried his sisters-in-law; "if you don't go you will soon be cold. But if you refuse to go, when your brothers, our husbands, come home we will order them to give you neither red caftan, red cap, nor red boots."

The fool, wishing to obtain the red caftan, cap and boots, felt obliged to go to the forest for wood, and getting up from the petsch, he began to put on his stockings and boots, and to dress himself; and when he was quite dressed he went out into the court, and drawing the sledge out of the shed, and taking with him a rope and hatchet, he mounted the sledge, and bade his sisters-in-law open the gate. The sisters-in-law, seeing that he got into the sledge without putting the horses to it, for the fool did not lead out the horses, said to him:

"How is this, Emelian? you have got into

the sledge without putting the horses to it."

But he said to them that he had no need of horses, and only wanted them to open the gate The sisters-in-law did so, and the fool as he sat in the sledge, said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, set forward, sledge, to the forest."

At these words the sledge forthwith went forth. The country people living around were quite astounded to see Emelian riding in the sledge without horses, and going with such speed that, even if the best pair of horses in the world had been fastened to the sledge, it would have been impossible to go quicker. Now as it was necessary for the fool, in order to reach the forest, to go through the town, he drove through it at full speed; but as he did not know that it was necessary for him to cry out, in order that the people might not be run over, he drove

through the city without crying to the people to get out of the way, and ran over a great number of them, and although they gave chase to him, yet it was impossible to overtake him. Emelian, having passed through the city and reached the wood, stopped the sledge. The fool then getting out of the sledge, said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, fall, hatchet, now to cutting wood; and do you, wood, gather yourself into the sledge and be corded."

Scarcely had the fool said these words when the hatchet began to cut wood, and the wood, gathering itself up, placed itself in the sledge, and tied itself with the cord. After he had cut as much wood as he wanted, he ordered the hatchet to cut down a small oak; and when the hatchet had done so, he placed himself upon the load, and said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, O sledge, now travel home."

The sledge instantly set off very briskly. But when Emelian arrived at the city in which he had run over so many people, the folks were waiting for him in order to seize him, and as soon as he drove into the city they set about dragging him off the load and began to belabour him. The fool, seeing that they were pulling him and beating him, said these words, in an undertone:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, now, sapling, break their arms and legs."

Forthwith the sapling, springing out, began to beat them in a pretty manner, and the people taking to flight, the fool drove out of the town to his own village, whilst the sapling drubbed all soundly, and went in pursuit of them. Emelian, on reaching his home, mounted upon the petsch.

In the meantime, after he had driven out of the city, there was much talk of him everywhere,—not because he had driven over a

number of people, but because he had come driving to the city on a sledge without horses; and by degrees the news reached the court, and came to the ears of the king himself. The king, on hearing the story, felt no little desire to see the fool, and sent an officer with some soldiers to seek him. The officer proceeded without delay out of the city, taking the road by which the fool had travelled in order to go to the forest. On arriving at the village where Emelian lived, the officer sent for the starost, or head man of the village, and said to him:

"I am sent by the king to take your fool, and convey him to his presence."

The starost immediately showed him the house where Emelian lived, and the officer, going into the kitchen, demanded—

"Where's the fool?"

The fool, who was lying on the petsch, answered—

"What's that to you?"

"What's that to me? Dress yourself quickly that I may carry you to the presence of the king."

Quoth Emelian:

"What have I to do there?"

The officer, enraged at his answering so disrespectfully, struck him on the cheek. The fool, feeling himself struck, said softly:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, oak sapling, break their hands and shins."

The sapling hopping forth, began to beat them, drubbing them all preciously, both officer and soldiers, so that the officer was obliged to return discomfited. Arriving at the city, he related to the king how the fool had beaten them all. The king was very much astonished, and did not believe it possible that he could have beaten so many. The king, however, selected a prudent man, whom he sent with an

injunction to bring the fool to him if possible, even though he should have recourse to deceit. The king's envoy, arriving at the village where Emelian lived, sent for the starost, and said to him :

"I am sent by the king to fetch your fool; but first of all, bring before me the people with whom he lives."

The starost instantly ran and brought the sisters-in-law ; and the envoy asked them—

"What does the fool like ?"

The sisters-in-law replied :

"Gracious, sir, our fool likes to be intreated to do a thing ; he refuses once and twice in order to be entreated a third time, when he never refuses, but does all that he is asked,—but he does not like to be spoken to roughly."

The envoy then dismissed them, warning them not to tell Emelian that he had sent for them. After that, having bought some raisins,

prunes, and dried figs, he proceeded to the house of the fool, and on his arrival he went up to the petsch, and said:

"How's this, Emelian, why are you lying on the pestch?"

Then, giving him the raisins, prunes, and dried figs, he said:

"Come, Emelian, I will carry you to the king."

But the fool answered:

"I am warm here," for he loved nothing but warmth.

"Let us go, Emelian," said the envoy, "you will be quite comfortable there."

"Aye," said the fool, "but I am lazy."

Thereupon the envoy began to beseech him once more.

"Pray let us go, Emelian, the king has ordered a red caftan to be made for you, and also a red cap, and red boots."

The fool, hearing that a red caftan had been ordered to be made for him, provided he went, said :

" Do you go before, and I will follow."

The envoy, not wishing to trouble him any more, left him, and asked privately of the sisters-in-law whether the fool would not deceive him ; but they assured him that he never deceived anybody. The envoy then set forth on his return, and the fool, placing himself once more on the petsch, said :

" O how I wish that I had not to go to court, but was there already."

Thereupon he said :

" At the pike's behest, and at my request, move straight, O petsch, to the city."

Thereupon the walls of the room gave a crack, and the petsch sallied forth, and when the petsch was clear of the house it drove along with such rapidity that it was impossible to

overtake it. On the road it overtook the envoy, and drove in his company to the court. The king, being told that the fool had arrived, went out to look at him, with all his ministers, and seeing that Emelian came on the petsch, he was filled with wonder. As for the fool, he lay still, and said nothing. After a little time the king asked him why he had run over so many people when he went to the forest for wood.

"How could I help it?" said Emelian; "why did they not get out of my way?"

Just then, the king's daughter came to a window, and looked at the fool. Emelian, chancing to turn his eye to the window from which she was looking, and seeing that she was very handsome, said in an undertone:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, may yon beauty fall in love with me."

No sooner had he pronounced these words than the daughter of the king fell in love with

him as she gazed upon him. And the fool, after that, said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, move back, petsch, to our own house."

The petsch, without a moment's delay, marched out of the court, drove through the city, and made for home, where, on arriving, it resumed its former place.

After that Emelian lived for some time quite at his ease; but the king, in the city, fared very differently, for the princess, having fallen in love with the fool at the words which he had uttered, began to beg of her father to give her the fool for a husband. The king was very much incensed both against her and the fool, and wished very much to lay violent hands on the latter, but did not know how. Thereupon the king's ministers proposed that the officer who had before gone for Emelian, and had failed to bring him, should be sent again for him on

account of his former failure. The king, approving of their counsel, summoned the officer to his presence, and when he appeared before him, the king said :

"Listen, friend, I sent thee for the fool before : but thou didst not bring him ; now for that offence I will send thee a second time, and in order that thou mayest bring him without fail, I tell thee that if thou dost bring him thou shalt be rewarded, and if thou dost not thou shalt be punished."

The officer, on hearing the words of the king departed without delay in quest of the fool, and having arrived at the village, he sent again for the starost, and said to him :

"Here is money for you, buy all that is necessary for a good dinner to-morrow, invite Emelian, and when he is dining with you ply him with drink until he falls under the table."

The starost, knowing that he was sent by the

king, did not dare to disobey him, but purchased all that was necessary, and invited the fool. Emelian having promised to come, the officer expected him with great joy; and the fool coming the next day, they plied him so hard with drink that Emelian lay down and fell dead asleep. The officer, seeing that he was asleep, immediately ordered his kabitka to be got ready, and to draw up to the door, and when it drew up they placed the fool in it. After that the officer got into the kabitka, and carried him straight to the court. The ministers forthwith gave information to the king of the arrival of the officer, and the king no sooner heard of it than he gave orders for a great barrel to be well fenced with iron hoops, which was forthwith done, and the barrel was brought to the king, who, seeing that all was ready, ordered his daughter and the fool to be placed in the barrel, and the barrel to be covered with

pitch. No sooner had this been done than he commanded the barrel to be cast into the sea, and was forthwith obeyed. The king then returned to his palace, and the barrel, abandoned to its fate, floated about for some hours. The fool all this time was asleep; awaking, however, at last, and perceiving that he was in darkness, he asked of himself—"Where am I?" for he imagined that he was alone.

"You are in a barrel, Emelian," said the princess; "and they have placed me with you."

"And who are you?" asked the fool.

"I am the king's daughter," she replied; and then she related on what account she had been placed in the barrel with him.

Thereupon she begged him to deliver himself and her from the barrel. But the fool made no other reply than—

"I am warm enough here."

"Pray have mercy upon me," said the prin-

cess. "Take compassion on my tears, and deliver me out of this barrel."

"I'll do no such thing," said Emelian, "I am lazy."

The princess began again to beseech him:

"Have mercy upon me, Emelian; save me out of this barrel, and do not let me die."

The fool, being moved by her entreaties and tears, said to her:

"Very well, I will do this one thing for you." After that, he said softly to himself: "At the pike's behest, and at my request, cast up, O sea, this barrel in which we lie, on some dry place, as near as possible to our own country; and do thou, barrel on coming to dry ground, go to pieces of thyself."

Scarcely had the fool uttered these words when the sea began to heave, and forthwith cast the barrel on dry ground, whereupon the barrel went to pieces of itself. Emelian arose, and

went with the princess farther up the land on which they were cast, and the fool perceived that they were upon a very beautiful island, on which were a great number of trees of different kinds, and with all kinds of fruits; and the princess, seeing these things, was very much rejoiced that they were upon so beautiful an island. In a little time, however, she said:

"But Emelian, where are we to live, for here I don't see a hut or any kind of shelter?"

But the fool said:

"You are already hankering for something more."

"Do be so kind, Emelian, as to order some kind of house to be built," said the princess, "in order that we may have some place to take shelter in when it rains;" for by this time the princess knew that he could do anything if he did but please.

But the fool said:

"I am lazy."

Whereupon she began to beseech him again, and Emelian, touched by her entreaties, was obliged to do what she desired; and going a little way apart from her, said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, may there be erected, in the midst of this island, a palace which shall be twice better than the king's; and may there be from the palace a crystal bridge to cross the water by; and may there be in the palace all kinds of servants."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words when an enormous palace with a crystal bridge made its appearance. The fool and the princess, entering the palace, perceived that there was plenty of magnificent furniture in the rooms, and that there were numbers of people, both lackeys and officers, of various descriptions, who were awaiting the commands of the fool. The fool, seeing that all these people had a decent

and honourable appearance, and that he alone was a lout, wished to be made better, and therefore said :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, be I now made a youth so handsome as to have no equal, and possest of the very best of understandings."

These words were scarcely uttered when he became so handsome and intelligent that everybody wondered. After this, Emelian sent one of his servants to the king, to invite him and all his ministers to the palace. The messenger of Emelian rode to the king over that same crystal bridge which the fool had built. On his arrival at court the ministers presented him to the king, whom the messenger addressed in this manner :

"Gracious sir, I am sent by my master with his humble compliments to invite you to dinner."

"Who is thy master?" demanded the king.

But the messenger replied:

"I cannot tell you, gracious sir, anything of my master" (for the fool had forbidden him to say who he was); "but after you have dined together he will give you a full account of himself."

The king, filled with curiosity to know who it could be that invited him to dinner, told the messenger that he would come without fail; and the messenger forthwith returned. Scarcely had he arrived when the king, with all his ministers, came riding over the bridge to dine with the fool. On the arrival of the king at the palace Emelian went out to meet him, took him by the hand white as snow, kissed him on the mouth sweet as sugar, and leading him into his palace of white marble, set him down to the oaken table to the feast of sweet things and mead; and the king and his ministers, sitting at the table, drank, ate, and were merry. Now

when they got up from table, and sat in their places, the fool said to the king :

"Gracious sir ; do you know me, and who I am ?"

But as Emelian was then in a splendid dress, and moreover as his face was very handsome, it was impossible to recognise him. Therefore the king said that he did not know him. But the fool said to him :

"Gracious sir, do you not remember how a certain fool came driving to your court on a petsch, and how you shut him up with your daughter in a barrel, which you covered over with pitch, and cast out upon the sea ? Know now that I am that very same Emelian."

The king, seeing that it was the fool who was now before him, was very much frightened, and did not know what to do. But the fool at that moment went for the princess, and led her before the king. The king on seeing his

daughter was very much delighted, and said to the fool:

"I have sinned grievously against you; I therefore give you my daughter as a wife."

The fool, on hearing these words, most humbly thanked the king; and as Emelian had everything ready for the marriage, it was celebrated that day with great magnificence. On the next day the fool gave a magnificent banquet to all the ministers, whilst for the common people hogsheads were brought out, full of all kinds of drinks. When the rejoicing was over the king offered to resign his kingdom to him, but he refused to accept it. Thereupon the king returned to his dominions. But the fool remained in his palace, and lived in great happiness and prosperity.

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A BALLAD

BY

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It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
  O'er all the walis he grew ;
He was mad and ne'er at rest,
  To tame him no one knew.

He was mad and ne'er at rest,
  No lord could hold him in;
If he had long in Denmark stayed
  Much damage there had been.

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
  Bound to his side his glaive,
And away to the monarch's house he rode
  With the knights a fray to have.

Now goes the lofty Jutt of Bern
  Before the King to stand :
" Thou shalt to me thy daughter give,
  And a brief for half thy land.

" Here as thou sitt'st at thy wide board,
  Hail Monarch of the Danes !
Thou shalt to me thy daughter give,
  And the half of thy domains.

" Thou shalt to me thy daughter give,
  And divide with me thy land,
Or thou shalt find a kempion good
  In the ring 'gainst me to stand."

" O thou shalt ne'er my daughter get,
  Nor a brief for half my land,
I'll quickly find a kempion good
  Shall fight thee hand to hand."

Then strode the Monarch of the Danes
  To his castle hall amain :
" Now which of ye, my courtiers, will
  The lovely Damsel gain ?

"Here sit ye all my Danish swains
  On whom I bread bestow,
Now which of ye will risk his life
  To lay the Berner low?

"I'll give to him my daughter dear,
  The wondrous lovely may,
Who in the ring with Jutt of Bern
  Shall dare the desperate fray."

In silence all the kempions sat,
  None dared reply a word,
Except alone Orm Ungerswayne,
  The lowest at the board.

Except alone Orm Ungerswayne,
  He bounded o'er the board:
I tell to ye in verity
  He spake a manly word.

"Wilt thou to me thy daughter give,
  And divide with me thy land?
O then will I the kempion be,
  Against the Jutt to stand.

"And well will I your daughter win,
And the prize alone will earn;
I am the lad to dare the fray
In the ring with the Jutt of Bern."

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
He o'er his shoulder glar'd:
"O who may yonder mouseling be,
From whom those words I heard?"

"No mouseling I, though call me, Jutt,
A mouseling if you will,
My father was good Sigurd King
Who slumbers in his hill."

"Ha! was thy sire good Sigurd King?
Thou'st something of his face,
Thou hast sprung up full wondrously
In fifteen winter's space."

It was so late at evening tide
The sun had reached the wave,
When Orm the youthful swain set out
To seek his father's grave.

It was the hour when grooms do ride
  The coursers to the rill,
That Orm set out resolved to wake
  The dead man in the hill.

Now strikes the bold Orm Ungerswayne
  The hill with such a might,
It was I ween a miracle
  It tumbled not outright.

Then stamped upon the hill so hard
  Young Orm with heavy foot,
The arch was broke within the hill
  Which trembled to its root.

Then from the hill Orm's father cried,
  Where he so long had lain:
"O cannot I in quiet lie
  Within my murky den?

"Who dares so early break my rest,
  And troubleth thus my bones?
Cannot I in quiet lie
  Beneath my roof of stones?

"Who seeks at night the dead man's hill
And works this ruin all?
Let him fear for now I swear
By Birting he shall fall."

"I am thy son, thy youngest son,
Thy Orm, O father dear;
To beg a boon in mighty need
I come to seek thee here."

"If thou art Orm my youngest son,
The kempion bold and brave,
Last year I gave to thee of gold,
All, all thy heart could crave."

"Last year you gave me store of gold
On which I set no worth,
Now I this year must Birting have,
The bravest sword on earth."

"Never shalt thou Birting get
To win the Monarch's daughter,
Until to Ireland thou hast been
To 'venge thy father's slaughter."

"Give to me the Birting sword,
  And with it bid me thrive,
Or I the hill above thee will
  To thousand pieces rive."

"Stretch thou down thy hand and take
  My Birting from my side,
But if thou break thy father's hill
  Much woe will thee betide."

He cast to him the sword, its point
  Appeared above the mould:
"Save good fate on thee shall wait
  I ne'er shall be consol'd."

He reached to him the sword, and placed
  Its hilt within his grasp:
"Beneath its blows may all thy foes
  Before thee sink and grasp."

Then took the sword Orm Ungerswayne,
  And on his shoulder plac'd;
And to the Monarch's hall he sped,
  As fast as he could haste.

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
With wrath was nearly wild:
"It ill becomes a man like me
To battle with a child."

"Although I be but little, Jutt,
A fearless heart I keep,
And oftentimes a little hand
O'erturns a mighty heap."

For two long days they fought, and when
The third to evening tended,
"Methinks," exclaim'd the Berner Jutt,
"This fight will ne'er be ended."

It was bold Orm Ungerswayne
His good sword brandish'd he,
And of the lofty Berner Jutt
Asunder cut the knee.

Loud bellowed then the Berner Jutt,
And loud he fell to ban:
"It ne'er was warrior custom yet
So low to strike one's man."

"I was small, and thou wast tall,
  Thy prowess I admire ;
I only struck thy knee because
  I could not reach thee higher."

Then took the bold Orm Ungerswayne
  His faulchion on his back,
And to the ocean strand he goes
  As fast as he could make.

It was bold Orm Ungerswayne
  He paced the yellow sand,
And lo ! Sir Tord of Valland came
  Swift sailing to the land.

Foremost upon the gilded prow
  The Tord of Valland stands :
"O who is yonder little man
  That walks upon the sands ?"

"O I am Orm, the youthful swain,
  A kempion bold and fine ;
'Twas I that slew the Berner Jutt,
  That uncle dear of thine."

"If thou hast slain the Berner Jutt,
That uncle dear of mine,
'Twas I the King of Ireland slew,
Beloved father thine."

It was Tord of Valland then
With faulchion struck the earth:
"Never will I make amends
By gold or money's worth."

It was bold Orm Ungerswayne,
He grasped his faulchion's hilt:
"In vengeance for my father then
Shall valiant blood be spilt."

It was the bold Orm Ungerswayne
He drew his trusty sword,
And at a single blow smote off
The head of Valland's Tord.

Valland's Tord he slew, and then
His followers every one;
Then speeds he to the monarch's house
To claim the maid he'd won.

Then took the bold Orm Ungerswayne
  The Atheling in his arm :
"Thou art my own, fair maid, for thee
  I have confronted harm."

O'er Helmer Isle the tidings run
  As fast as levin fire,
That Orm the lovely maid has won,
  And has avenged his sire.

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PART I.

MARSK STIG he out of the country rode
  To win him fame with his good bright sword;
At home meantide the King will bide
  In hope to lure his heart's ador'd.

The King sends word to the Marshal Stig
  That he to the fields of war should fare;
Himself will deign at home to remain
  And take the charge of his Lady fair.

In came the Marshal's serving man,
  And a kirtle of green that man he wore:
"Of our good liege the little foot-page
  Is standing out the gate before."

Up stood the young Sir Marshal Stig,
  By the side of his bed his clothes put on;
And to speak the boy, the King's envoy,
  Down to the gate is the Marshal gone.

"Now hear thou, Marsk Stig Andersen,
  'Tis truth and sooth what I say to thee;
Thou must away to the King's palay,
  Then mount thy horse and follow with me.

"Oh, I know nought of my Lord King's thought
  That I to thee can now declare,
Except that thou to the war must go
  And there thy sovereign's banner bear."

Then in at the door Sir Marsk Stig trode,
  And a wrathful man I trow was he:
"By the Saints I swear, my Lady dear,
  Fulfill'd my dreary dream will be.

"For of late I dream'd that my noble horse
  To chase the wild mare ran away;
And that must mean that I shall be slain,
  And that my steed will tramp on my life.
    less clay."

"Now hold thy tongue, my noble Lord,
And do not talk thus foolishly,
For Christ can protect thy life, reflect,
The blessed Christ who dwells on high."

It was the young and bold Marsk Stig
Came riding into the Castle yard,
Abroad did stand the King of the land
So fair array'd in sable and mard.

"Now lend an ear, young Marshal Stig,
I have for thee a fair emprise,
Ride thou this year to the war, and bear
My flag amongst my enemies."

"And if I shall fare to the war this year,
And risk my life among thy foes,
Do thou take care of my Lady dear,
Of Ingeborg that beauteous rose."

Then answer'd Erik, the youthful King,
With a laugh in his sleeve thus answer'd he:
"No more I swear has thy lady to fear
Than if my sister dear were she.

"Full well I'll watch Dame Ingeborg,
  And guard and cherish her night and day:
As little I swear has thy Lady to fear
  As if thou, dear Marshal, at home didst stay."

It was then the bold Sir Marshal Stig,
  From out of the country he did depart.
In her castle sate his lonely mate,
  Fair Ingeborg, with grief at heart.

"Now saddle my steed," cried Eric the King,
  "Now saddle my steed," King Eric cried,
"To visit the Dame of beauteous fame
  Your King will into the country ride."

"Hail, hail to thee, Dame Ingeborg,
  If thou wilt not be coy and cold,
A shirt, I trow, for me thou'lt sew,
  And array that shirt so fair with gold."

"Sew'd I for thee a shirt, Sir King,
  And worked that shirt, Sir King, with gold,
Should Marsk Stig hear of that he'd ne'er
  With favour again his wife behold."

"Now list, now list, Dame Ingeborg,
  Thou art, I swear, a beauteous star,
Live thou with me in love and glee,
  Whilst Marshal Stig is engag'd in war."

Then up and spake Dame Ingeborg,
  For nought was she but a virtuous wife:
"Rather, I say, than Stig betray,
  Sir King, I'd gladly lose my life."

"Give ear, thou proud Dame Ingeborg,
  If thou my leman and love will be,
Each finger fair of thy hand shall bear
  A ring of gold so red of blee."

"Marsk Stig has given gold rings to me,
  And pearls around my neck to string;
By the Saints above I never will prove
  Untrue to the Marshal's couch, Sir King.

"And when Sir Marsk Stig left the land
  Thou unto him, Sir King, didst swear
Thou wouldst tend me and defend me
  E'en as if I your sister were."

It was the fair Dame Ingeborg,
  So great, so great was her vexation;
Early and late, sunshine and wet,
  The King he sought her habitation.

It was Erik the Danish King,
  A damnable deed the King he wrought;
He forc'd with might that Lady bright,
  Whilst her good Lord his battles fought.

It was the young Sir Marshal Stig
  Came home again from the battle field.
To him then sped such tidings dread,
  His very blood those tidings chill'd.

And when he came to his country home,
  Away to his castle Sir Stig he rode;
Then Ingeborg Dame for very shame
  No word of welcome on him bestow'd.

It was the young and bold Marsk Stig,
  So swiftly in at the door he hies;
His beauteous dame for very shame
  To welcome the Marshal could not rise.

And long stood he, the young Marsk Stig,
  And thus within himself thought he;
"Now wherefore shows my beauteous spouse
  No more respect or love for me?"

Then answer'd fair Dame Ingeborg,
  Whilst tears adown her features pour'd:
"Welcome, I say, from the battle fray,
  Marsk Stig my bosom's dearest lord.

"Now do thou hear, young Marshal Stig,
  Of a dreadful wrong I must complain,
The King accurst has my body forc'd
  And my matron honour from me has ta'en.

"When thou didst leave the land, I was
  The honour'd Dame of a simple knight;
Now am I Queen in Denmark green,
  With a stain that makes me hate the light.

"The time that thou from the land didst go,
  I was but the wife of a Noble brave;
Now am I Queen in Denmark green,
  Longing to hide me in the grave."

It was then the young Marsk Stig
  He grasp'd amain his dagger knife:
"If truth it be that thou tellest me,
  'Twill cost the traitor King his life.

"Never will I sweet sleep enjoy,
  Lock'd in thy snowy arms, my fair,
Till ruin I bring on the traitor King
  Who laid for us this deadly snare.

"And never, never, O Ingeborg,
  By thy snowy side again I'll lie,
Till I out-pour the reeking gore
  Of him who has wrought this injury."

Long, long stood the bold Marsk Stig,
  Musing with look so stern and grave:
"If on the King I'd avenge this thing,
  Notice from me he must quickly have."

Marsk Stig he arms his courtiers good,
  Arms them in hauberks glittering,
And he rides on the morrow to Skanderborough
  To summon King Erik to the Ting.

It was the Danish Queen so fine
  From the window high a glance she cast:
"Across the wold comes Marsk Stig bold,
  Why rides the Marshal Stig so fast?

"And yonder prances the Marshal Stig,
  And hither from Sonderbrook rides he;
Each plumy swain in his galloping train
  Is like a bonny grey dow to see."

It was the young and bold Marsk Stig,
  So stately stepped the threshold o'er;
The Danish Queen so sharp and keen
  She straight began to scoff him sore.

"Thrice welcome, thrice welcome, Dus Van Hus,
  Welcome, thrice welcome again, I cry;
Thou bear'st the brow like a King, I trow,
  Yet little good thou wilt gain thereby."

"Madam! my name is not Dus Van Hus,
  How dar'st thou beard me in this strain,
When I know one, Black Haddingson,
  Who oft, full oft, on thy breast has lain?

"Gain I no other recompense here
  Than scoff and scorn from a thing like thee,
Before the crowd I'll complain aloud
  Of the wrong and injury done to me.

'First I will state my injuries great,
  Which man nor woman cannot deny;
And unless I'm given amends, by heaven
  Another game will the Marshal try."

PART II.

MARSK STIG he woke at black midnight,
  And loudly cried to his Lady dear:
"O dreamed have I so wondrously,
  God read what I've been dreaming here!

"I dream'd my ship, my tall, tall ship,
  To a boat did dwindle suddenly;
Its mast was gone, it helm had none,
  Full soon it sank in the briny sea.

"I dream'd that each of my little pups
  Was become at once a savage boar;
Through my garden wall they broke, and all
  My pleasant herbs and roots uptore.

"And I dream'd as I and my courtiers good
  Were riding over the bridge so wide,
My trusty horse with sudden force
  Flung me, and into the forest hied."

Then answer'd proud Dame Ingeborg,
  Straight answer'd she her dear lord thus:
"To God alone in heaven is known,
  My Lord, how it will fare with us.

"Lie thou and rest, my noble Lord,
  And from thy thought the vision fling;
It means no doubt our vassals stout
  Their rent and tribute soon will bring."

"Not so, not so, it means, I trow,
  Although thou tell'st me that, my love,
It means the King at our country's Ting,
  Too much for me and my cause will prove."

Marsk Stig he arms seven hundred men,
  Each one in iron panoply;
And away he scowers to Viborg's towers
  The traitor monarch to defy.

And at their head young Marsk Stig sped,
  And in his heart he felt so bold;
Behind him rode his courtiers proud,
  Their breast-plates beaming bright with gold.

It was the young Sir Marshal Stig
  Stepp'd proudly in at the lofty door ;
And bold knights then, and bold knights' men,
  Stood up the Marshal Stig before.

So up to the Ting of the land he goes,
  And straight to make his plaint began ;
Then murmured loud the assembled crowd,
  And clench'd his fist each honest man.

"Ye good men hear a tale of fear,
  A tale of horror, a tale of hell ;
A rape upon my wife's been done,
  With frantic grief the tale I tell."

Then up did spring the Danish King,
  And proffer'd to Stig his fair white hand :
"I joy thou art come, Sir Marsk Stig, home
  Safe from the fray in the foreign land."

Then answer'd him the Marshal Stig,
  His heart was fill'd with grief and rage :
"And trouble and cost I more than lost
  When forth I went the fight to wage.

"To the field of war I went afar,
  And for thy realm I risk'd my life;
But thou didst stay and, welladay,
  Didst foully force my virtuous wife."

Then answer'd him the youthful King,
  As sly he laughed his cap below:
"The Lady's yes and willingness
  Were ready as mine own I trow."

Then answer made the young Marsk Stig,
  With a darkling brow and kindling eye:
"'Tis a saying true and an old one too
  That insult follows injury.

"Thou'st forc'd my housewife, and hast brought
  Distress and shame upon our head;
But know one thing, my gracious King,
  Thy life to Stig is forfeited."

Then as he turn'd him from the Ting
  He doff'd his hat with knightly pride;
"Ye good men here in memory bear
  I have the traitor King defied."

"Now do thou hear, Sir Marsk Stig dear,
  Cease, cease such frantic talk to hold;
And I'll bestow on thee enow
  Of castles, land, and ruddy gold.

"Eight castles fair, the best that are
  In all the land where dwells the Dane,
May well atone for what is done,
  Receive them and my friend remain."

"I do not care for your castles fair,
  Castles enow I have already,
I wish undone the deed upon
  The body of my virtuous Lady."

"Marsk Stig! Marsk Stig! ride not so high,
  I hope to guard myself, proud Earl!
Although thou be my enemy,
  I trust I run no mighty peril."

"However high, Sir King, I ride,
  Thou lov'st to play a higher part;
Hast thou ne'er heard the olden word
  That power must often yield to art?

"I'm not so mighty nor so strong
  That I can hope to bar thy way,
But oft I've seen a greyhound keen
  Alone the antler'd monarch slay.

"I'm not at the head of so many swords,
  That I can check thee when thou wouldst pass;
But a little lever, if us'd but clever,
  Can overturn a weighty mass."

Then away rode he the young Marsk Stig,
  To Ingeborga's bower repairing:
"Now welcome thrice, Marsk Stig," she cries,
  "I've heard of Marsk Stig's manly bearing.

"Fear not the King nor all his might,
  Of courage high he has no spark;
Throughout the state he's won the hate
  Of every layman, priest, and clerk.

"I have a loving nephew got
  Who waits the traitor King upon;
He'll be our spy, and privily
  Will send us word when the King's alone.

"And when ye've slain the brutal pard
  Who in drink and slumber finds delight,
By ye will stand of Norway land
  The King so bold with his men of might.

"If thou on Helm a fortress build
  It ne'er can be won by human hands,
From its brow so high you may Sealand spy,
  Jutland, and other lesser lands.

"Whilst thou dost live thou a knight shalt be,
  But my grief for me is far too strong;
So blythe my breath I'll yield to death
  When Marshal Stig has aveng'd my wrong.

"I ne'er have peace nor gladness known
  Since tyrant Glepping's deed of force;
May Jesus bless with good success
  My gallant Stig in his gallant course.

"And bless our daughters' youthful blood,
  Oft, full oft on their fate I ponder;
Much I fear when I'm gone from here,
  Far and wide they'll have to wander.

"An action high shall never die,
  Whatever dastard lips may say;
'Twill wake up bold from out the mould
  And boldly speak on the judgment day.

"Then speed thee, knight, with thee is right,
  Avenge the heart which loves thee dear;
On earthly shore though we meet no more,
  We shall meet again in the sky so clear."

PART III.

THERE'S many I ween in Denmark green
  Who all to be masters now desire;
To Ribe old their course they hold,
  And there they buy them strange attire.

There they prepare such clothes as wear
  The holy Monks of orders grey,
And this they've done in the hope alone
  Their liege and sovereign to betray.

They watch'd him sly, they watch'd him nigh,
  Whether the King went down or up;
But best they sped, in the hour so dread,
  When the King would ride to Tinderup.

The cause of the same was an injur'd Dame,
  Bold Stig the Marshal's lovely wife;
With Ranild a plot she up has got
  Which cost King Erik his youthful life.

Ranild the loon, her sister's son,
  Ranild who serv'd King Erik near,
Tells him with art of hind and hart,
  And of silvan game to the hunter dear.

"To thee I can show both buck and doe
  Within the bonny green wood that play;
With greyhounds tried we forth will ride,
  Sir King, not distant is the way."

Then Erik he bade his serving lad
  To saddle him straight his good grey steed;
"To Jutland's Ting will ride your King,
  And see how things in Jutland speed."

And he order gave to his courtiers brave
  That they should before to Viborg hie;
No thought he had that Ranild the lad
  Was brooding a subtle treachery.

But Ranild rode by a secret road,
  And he bade the Monks themselves prepare;
I tell to ye for a verity
  That Ranild practis'd cunning rare.

Now after the hart and hind they start,
  And after the nimble roe as well;
The long day's space endur'd the chase,
  Till murky night upon them fell.

Then in faultering guise the King he cries,
  For his heart I ween was full of dread:
"God help us now, and Saint Gertrude thou,
  We fairly out of the path have sped."

Then about he spied and about he pried,
  Amid the bushes so dark and drear,
Till sight he got of a little cot
  Where fire and light were burning clear.

And into that house King Erik goes,
  His luck the Monarch there will try;
And he was aware of a damsel fair,
  No fairer ever had met his eye.

And her to his breast the King he press'd,
  And kiss'd her oft with fond delight:
"My lovely may, I beg and pray
  That thou wilt sleep with me this night."

Then answer'd and said the woodland maid,
  With a burst of laughter wild and loud :
"In mind I keep how thou didst sleep
  With Ingeborga fair and proud.

"Answer, I pray, and fairly say,
  How many maids hast thou, Sir King,
Deserted and left of fame bereft ?
  For that will death upon thee bring."

"If that thou know, fair maid, I trow
  That thou canst tell much more to me ;
Now tiding give how long I shall live,
  And say how many my foemen be."

With solemn air said the maiden fair,
  "Hark thou to me and believe my word ;
For life thou must look to the little crook,
  Whereon doth hang thy trusty sword.

"The knobs on thy belt of tough, tough felt,
  The foeman's number will tell I ween ;
Beware, I say, of Monk hoods grey
  Concealing warriors stern and keen."

To catch the maid the King essay'd,
  His heart was bent yet more on learning;
Then slipped away the woodland fay,
  Suddenly into vapour turning.

As long as stay'd with him the maid
  Both light and fire his sight did cheer,
But as soon, as soon as she was gone
  With Ranild he stood in the bush so drear.

Then the King for advice to Ranild cries,
  And Ranild the traitor answer'd thus:
'From out this place our way we'll trace,
  For here no moon can shine on us.

"If I be right, a hamlet hight
  Grey Tinderup not far doth lie;
This night we'd best in Tinderup rest,
  My liege, I think for a certainty.

"And thither we'll ride, and there we'll bide,
  Until the moon has risen on high;
By Mary's might no mortal wight
  Will do thee any injury."

So they ride away to Tinderup grey,
  And loud for lodging, lodging shout ;
But they came so late that every gate
  Was lock'd, and fires and lights put out.

Then their steeds they turn to Tinderup barn,
  No mortal knew that they were there ;
To the King I wot the thought came not
  That he was now to his end so near.

But Erik's breast was not at rest,
  And thus to Ranild the lad he cried :
"O make the door both fast and sure,
  I fast and sure in thee confide.

"Do thou the door with a stake secure,
  I've ever found thee faithful yet ;
In mind I hold that Stig is bold,
  And oft I think upon his threat."

"I've driven a pin the floor within,
  And plac'd a balk against the door ;
By Mary bright no mortal wight
  To move that mighty balk has power

"Marsk Stig is hot, I deny it not,
  And wondrous words he thunders out;
But be of good cheer my master dear,
  He o'er his table sits no doubt.

"The lapwing bird each spot can guard
  Upon the face of the verdant field,
Except alone the knoll whereon
  Its nest the bird is wont to build."

No pin or stake did Ranild take,
  He was I wean a lying cheat;
I tell to ye, for a verity,
  He only took two straws of wheat.

And for all his talk 'twas no thick balk
  He plac'd for the door's security,
But a wheat-sheaf light which the gust of night
  From the door removed instantly.

Scarce on the groun' had they laid them down,
  On the groun' of the barn so cold and hard,
When of Ingeborg Dame the avengers came,
  Spurring amain to the peasant's gard.

Into the yard came riding hard
  The fatal monks of orders grey;
No pause they made, to the place they sped
  Where well they knew that the Monarch lay.

Upon the door their blows they shower,
  With faulchion struck they and with spear;
"Come out, come out, Sir King," they shout,
  "The Dame has sent to greet thee here."

To them in reply did Ranild cry,
  And thus the Ranild youth began:
"No King is here, no King is near,
  No King nor any such a man."

Then swift and fast Sir Ranild cast
  Over his Lord both straw and hay,
But points with his hand to the in-rushing band
  The spot where the hapless Monarch lay.

They extinguish'd straight the wax light great
  That burn'd the head of the Monarch o'er;
Then round the King they stood in a ring,
  With blades athirst for his dearest gore.

"O Ranild hear, my servant dear,
  If thou wilt only fight for me,
My sister bright to thee I'll plight,
  And she thy wedded wife shall be."

Then he hew'd for his Lord on the broad,
    broad board,
  And on the balk he hew'd so brave;
He hew'd hither, and he hew'd thither—
  He fought for his master like a knave.

Full in the breast their stabs they address'd,
  As near to the heart as well might be;
With wounds so sore, forty and more,
  Miserably murder'd the King was he.

At him they bored with spear and sword,
  No rest to him the Monks allow'd;
When done was the deed each took his steed,
  And away with frantic fury rode.

This happ'd on the night of Cecily bright,
  The season it was so bright and holy.
The King is dead, his blood is shed,
  But Ingeborg still is melancholy.

"Now who will bear to Viborg fair
  The corpse of the King across the green?
And who will go with the tale of woe
  To Skanderborough where sits the Queen?"

Then ride would none to Viborg town,
  And attend the corse across the green;
But rose up amain a little swain,
  And he would ride to the Danish Queen.

Uprose amain the little swain,
  And not long idle I ween he stay'd;
He tore from the grey the saddle away,
  And that on the back of the white he laid.

"Hail gracious Queen so fair of mien,
  Who sittest clad in scarlet red;
A traitorous train the King have slain,
  In Tinderup barn he lieth dead.

"They stabbed him with might in his bosom white,
  Their points came out of his royal side;
Take thou good care of the youthful heir,
  Who Denmark's realm is doomed to guide.

"Take heed, take heed of the land I rede,
  And of this royal Castelaye;
'Bove every thing of the youthful King,
  Who in after time shall Denmark sway."

"Thou little lad thy tale is sad,
  And it fills my heart with grief and pain;
But thee I'll prize for thy advice,
  And clothe and feed thee whilst I reign."

It happ'd on the night of Cecily bright,
  In that sweet season blest and holy,
Vengeance has sped, the King is dead—
  But Ingeborg still is melancholy.

PART IV.

THERE were seven and seven times twenty
  That met upon the verdant wold:
"Say, what emprise shall we devise
  Now Denmark's Lord is stark and cold?

"Our Lord we've slain, a corse he lies,
  The band of peace we thus have riven;
Within the land we can make no stand,
  From land and friends we now are driven.

"But we will ride to Skanderborg,
  And a visit to the Queen will pay,
We'll see how fares amid her cares
  The Dame ere we depart for aye.

"It was her wont to jeer and scoff,
  But now therewith she must have done;
The fire is come to the scorner's home,
  And pity her I ween can none."

Marsk Stig he into the saddle sprang,
  For his daring deed he felt no sorrow ;
He spurr'd his horse and bent his course,
  With his armed host to Skanderborough.

It was the Danish Queen so fine,
  She look'd from out the window high :
" O there doth ride Marsk Stig," she cried,
  " With his knight in iron panoply.

" Ha, welcome, Stig, thou self-made King,
  May'st quickly meet the guerdon due ;
If God doth spare the youthful heir,
  Full bitter fruit he'll make thee chew."

" Lady, I am no self-made King,
  Although it please thee so to say ;
But I can name the knight of fame
  Who last with thee, fair lady, lay.

" Little thou mind'st King Erik's death,
  But briny tears thou soon wouldst shed,
If thou hadst lost the gallant Drost,
  Who's wont at night to share thy bed."

"O shame upon the murderers foul
  Who basely slew my lord and joy;
And shame befall both thee and all
  My Queenly honour would destroy."

Then up spoke Erik Erikson,
  The little King who was standing by:
"When I'm up-grown and bear the crown
  Full quickly thou shalt Denmark fly."

Then up stood little Christopher,
  And courage sparkled in his eye:
"To hang them all were vengeance small
  For my dear father's injury."

"And if the land I'm forc'd to quit,
  And upon the chilly billows lie,
I'll work revenge and havoc strange,
  And mostly 'mong the great and high.

"And if from hence I'm forc'd to go,
  And outlaw'd live in cave and wood,
From Denmark's land with spear and brand
  Summer and Yule I'll fetch me food."

Then away from Skanderborg he rode,
  And his fist he shook against the towers ;
And with his troop to Molderup,
  To seek his Ingeborg, he scours.

It was the young Sir Marshal Stig,
  He took his wife in his embrace ;
"Now lieth slain the cursed bane
  Of all our love and happiness.

"Now wilt thou brave stern poverty,
  And follow bold a man exil'd ?
Or wilt thou stay, and every day
  Be harlot, Erik's harlot, styl'd ? "

"O could I even Queen become
  The hated name I would not bear ;
My thanks, the best of this poor breast,
  For slaying him the ravisher.

"But we are allied to Counts and Knights,
  And mighty men of high degree,
So do not fear the little heir,
  Nor for a child the country flee.

"Count Jacob of Halland, and Peter Pors,
  Bluefod and Kagg, at any hour
Will back our cause, and sturdy Claus,
  The Halland'sfar, and many more.

"There's Erik King of Norroway,
  To him your knightly hand extend,
For he a host and fleet can boast,
  And host and fleet he'll gladly lend.

"If thou upon the peak of Helm
  But build a castle strong and fast,
Thou need'st not quail for arrowy hail,
  Nor dread the engine's deadly cast.

"And now for long, long winters nine
  I've hid my care within my breast;
A worm gnaws sore my bosom's core,
  Good night, my Lord! I sink to rest."

Marsk Stig he took her in his arm,
  "The high God lengthen yet thy day!
Our best advice is now to prize
  The hoary rocks of Norroway."

Marsk Stig he speeds, to Helm proceeds,
  And soon inclos'd a fitting space ;
I tell to ye for verity,
  Before him palen'd many a face.

Marsk Stig he builds on Helm a keep,
  With massive walls and towers high ;
His raging foes besiege it close,
  Germans and Danes, but vainly try.

Out into the field the peasant goes,
  And there the peasant sows his corn :
"O God of might, what wondrous sight
  The Helm, the Helm has got a horn !

"O welladay on the poor boors grey,
  When Stig the Marshal's bed was stain'd ;
For us I ween it had better been
  If Glepping had unborn remain'd.

"Whene'er within the good green wood
  The oaks so mighty chance to fall,
They crush to the ground the hazels round,
  And all the other trees so small.

"The sins of Kings and noblemen
  Upon the poor fall heavily;
God look with grace on the peasant's case,
  And relieve him from his misery!"

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MARSK STIG'S DAUGHTERS

AND OTHER

SONGS AND BALLADS

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MARSK STIG'S DAUGHTERS

Two daughters fair the Marshal had,
O grievous was their fate and sad.

The eldest she took her sister's hand
And away they went to Sweden's land.

Home from the Stevn King Byrgye rode;
Up to him Marsk Stig's daughters trode.

"What women ye who beset my gate?
What brings ye hither at eve so late?"

"Daughters of Stig, the Marshal brave,
So earnestly thee for help we crave."

"Hence, hence away, ye outcasts two,
Your sire accurst my uncle slew."

"Guiltless are we of Erik's blood,
So wide we wander in quest of food."

The eldest she takes her sister's hand,
And away they went into Norway's land.

Home from the Ting King Erik rode
Up to him Marsk Stig's daughters trode.

"What women are ye whom here I view,
And what may ye in my country do?"

"Daughters of Stig, the Marshal brave
So earnestly thee for help we crave."

"To brew and bake full well ye know"—
"Alas, Sir King, not so, not so.

"To brew and bake we do not know,
We never stoop'd to employ so low.

"To spin red gold that is our pride,
Our mother taught us ere she died.

"And we can weave galloon as well
As the maidens with the Queen that dwell.

"We can weave red gold with wool,
But oh, our hearts with grief are full.

"Had Marsk Stig stay'd in Denmark green,
Different far our fate had been.

"Had Ingeborg not chanc'd to die,
We had not borne this misery."

King Erik replied in gentle tone:
"I knew your father like my own

"He was a man in heart and hand,
Whose like lives not in any land."

O'er them he threw his mantle red,
To the ladies' chamber them he led.

He bade them no more tears to shed,
For he would stand in their father's stead.

The eldest sister began the weft,
The youngest finished what she left.

In the first lace she wove so true
The Virgin Mary and Christ Jesu.

And in the second of Norway land
She wove the Queen and her maiden band.

Of the antler'd hart they wove the chase,
They wove themselves with pallid face.

They wove with nimble fingers small
Of God the holy Angels all.

The youngest sister the woof up caught,
And that before the Queen she brought.

Then into her eyes the tears they came,
"Thou art not our Mother, Queenly Dame.

"Wert thou our mother or sister dear,
With praises thou our hearts wouldst cheer.

"But in thine eye no praise I see,
Misfortune is our destiny."

The eldest sicken'd, and sick she lay,
The youngest tended her night and day.

The eldest died of grief of heart,
The youngest liv'd with sorrow and smart.

THE THREE EXPECTANTS

THERE are three for my death that now pine,
  Though one and all wondrous civil;
Would that all of them hung on a line,
  My children, the worms, and the Devil.

My body, my soul, and my gear,
  When down to the grave I descend,
The three hope among them to share,
  And to revel on time without end.

But there is not one of the three,
  To the others though kindly affected,
For both of their shares would agree
  To resign his own portion expected.

The Devil, so harsh and austere,
  Who only in evil hath joy,
Would scorn to take body and gear
  For my soul, that sweet beautiful toy.

My children would rather possess
  The gear I have toil'd so to gather,
Though for me fervent love they profess,
  Than the body and soul of their father.

The worms, though my children will make
  A lament when I'm laid in the hole,
Would my body in preference take
  To my gear or my beautiful soul.

Oh, Christ! who wast hung on a tree,
  And wast pierc'd by a fool in his madness;
Since each of them plund'ring would be,
  Send each disappointment and sadness.

TRANSLATION

ONE summer morn, as I was seeking
  My ponies in their green retreat,
I heard a lady sing a ditty
  To me which sounded strangely sweet.

I am the ladye, I am the ladye,
  I am the ladye loving the knight;
I in the green wood 'neath the green branches
  In the night season sleep with the knight.

Since yonder summer morn of beauty
  I've seen many a gloomy year;
But in my mind still lives the ditty
  That in the green wood met my ear.

I am the ladye, I am the ladye,
  I am the ladye loving the knight;
I in the green wood 'neath the green branches
  In the night season sleep with the knight.

THE ENGLISH GIPSY

He

As I to the town was going one day
My Roman lass I met by the way.
Said I, "Young maid, will you share my lot?"
Said she, "Another wife you've got."
"Ah, no!" to my Roman lass I cried,
"No wife have I in the world so wide;
And you my wedded wife shall be,
If you will consent to come with me."

She

As I to the town was going one day
I met a young Roman upon the way.
Said he, "Young maid will you share my lot?"
Said I, "Another wife you've got."

"No, no!" the handsome young Roman cried.
"No wife have I in the world so wide;
And you my wedded wife shall be,
If you will share my lot with me."

GIPSY SONG

Up, up, brothers,
  Cease your revels!
The Gentile's coming—
  Run like devils.

I do not like your way of life
  Ye men of Christian creed;
I'd rather live the kind of life
  Which forest foxes lead.

OUR HEART IS HEAVY, BROTHER

THE strength of the ox,
The wit of the fox,
    And the leveret's speed;
All, all to oppose
Their numerous foes
    The Romany need.

Our horses they take,
Our wagons they break,
    And us they seize
In their prisons to coop,
Where we pine and droop
    For want of breeze.

When the dead swallow
The fly shall follow
    Across the sea,

We'll then forget
The wrongs we have met,
And forgiving be—
Brother, of that be certain.

SONG

Nastrond's blazes,
    How fierce ye roar!
The deepmost deeps feel
    Valhal's power.

Sulphurous blazes,
    Which with dismay
Strike e'en the Aser,
    Our voice obey!

Poisonous blazes,
    Harden a spear
        For Valhal's may!

Poisonous blazes,
    Harden a spear
        For Valhal's may!

Poisonous blazes,
Harden a spear
For Valhal's may!

In juice of rue
And trefoil too,
In marrow of bear
And blood of trold,
Be cool'd the spear,
Three times cool'd,
When hot from fire
Of Nastrond dire,
For Valhal's may.

Whom it woundeth
It shall slay.

Whom it woundeth
It shall slay.

Whom it woundeth
It shall slay.

LINES

To read the great mysterious Past
They are yearning;
But to mist the writings old fast, fast
Are turning.

O, how inviting
The deeds of yore!
But the ancient writing
Mist sweeps o'er.

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INTRODUCTION

THE Russians have three grand popular tales, the subjects of which are thievish adventures. One is called the *Story of Klim*, another is called the *Story of Tim*, and the third is called the *Story of Tom*. Below we present a translation of the *Story of Tim*.

That part of the tale in which Tim inquires of the drowsy Archimandrite as to the person to whom the stolen pelisse is to be awarded, differs in no material point from a portion of a tale narrated in the Turkish story-book of the lady and the forty vizirs. The concluding part, however, in which we are to'd how Tim's comrades twice stole the pig from him, and how he twice regained it, is essentially Russian, and is original.

THE STORY OF TIM

In a certain village there lived an old man who had lost almost the whole of his hair, partly from age, and partly from the friction of his fur cap, which he never laid aside, either by day or night. He had a helpmeet as ancient as himself, but who differed from him in having a hump. Our story, however, does not relate to them, but to a son of theirs, called Timoney, who was a sharp lad enough, but who had learnt nothing but to play on the fife. The old man thinking that music, however sweet, would never fill the belly, and that it was quite impossible to live on an empty stomach, determined to have the boy taught some trade, but

ere fixing on what it should be, he deemed it expedient to consult his old woman on the subject; and, accordingly, requested her opinion, adding that he would wish to see the boy either a blacksmith, or a tailor.

"No!" cried the old woman. "I'll have him neither the one nor the other. The blacksmith by always going amidst fire and soot is so begrimed that he looks rather like a devil than a man. Would you make a monster of him? As for a tailor—I don't deny that tailoring is a rare art, but sitting doubled up, in a little time brings on a consumption."

"Then what would you make of him?" cried the old man.

"Make of him?" said she; "why a goldsmith, or a painter, or something similar."

"And do you know," said the old man, "how much money one must lay down to have him bound either to a goldsmith or a painter?

Why he would swallow up all we have, or more."

They disputed so long, that they almost came to blows. The old woman had already armed herself with the fire-pan. At last, however, they agreed to bind their son to the first master they should meet, whatever his trade might be. So the old man, taking with him the sum of ten roubles, which he destined for the binding his son out as an apprentice, set out leading Tim by the hand. It happened, that the first people he met were two born brothers, who maintained themselves by levying taxes on the highway, and besides being tax-gatherers were expert tailors, using their needles so adroitly, that with a stitch or two they could make for themselves a coat or mantle; in plain language, they were robbers.

The old man, after saluting them, said:

"Are you craftsmen?"

"Oh, yes! and very skilful ones," replied the highwaymen.

"And what may be your trade?" inquired the old man.

"What is that to you?" they replied.

"Why, I wish to give my son a trade," said the old man.

"Oh! we will take your son with pleasure," they cried, "and instruct him in what we understand ourselves. As for our trade, we have particular reasons for not telling you what it is. Know, however, that you will never repent entrusting your son to our hands."

"But what must I give you for your trouble, good people?" cried the old man.

"Why, you can hardly give us less than twenty roubles," replied the craftsmen.

"O! where shall I get so much money?' cried the old man. "I have but ten roubles in all the world."

"O, very well! hand them over," said they, "We'll take them, though they be only ten roubles; we don't wish to higgle with you."

The old man gave them the money, and begging them to spare no pains in teaching his son their trade, he trudged homeward. Remembering, however, that it was necessary to know where they dwelt, he turned back, and went along with them. After some time, they came to a house in a great wood, where the thieves lived with a young girl who was their sister. On their arrival they took off from Tim his rough country craftan and breeches, and clothed him in habiliments of the very best quality, and regaled the old man with plenty of capital wine. So the old man, after staying an hour or two, left their dwelling quite happy and content.

As soon as it was night, the thieves thought that they would give Tim his first lesson in their art, so arming him in the same manner as they did

themselves, with a pike and a long knife, they went out on the road. As soon as they were got there, one of the masters said to the pupil :

"Suppose, now, any people were to attack us, what would you do, Tim ?"

"What's this for ?" said he, grasping his knife ; "with this I don't care a straw for a dozen men."

"It will be of service to you, no doubt, some time or other," said the thieves ; "it will be best, however, that your first essay be in something not quite so dangerous as levying taxes on the highways generally is. We will go to the neighbouring monastery, and break into the treasury of the Archimandrite ; we shall find there quite enough to enrich us."

"O ! just as you please," cried Timoney ; "where the master goes the 'prentice follows."

So away they went, all three in high spirits. When they came to the cloister, they flung an

iron hook upon the roof of the treasure-room, and Tim climbing up by means of a rope which was attached to it, at once gave proof that he was anything but a dull pupil. In a trice a hole was made in the roof—the chests in the treasury were broken open—money-bags were piled up upon the floor, and then flung down out of the treasury upon the ground, where they were gathered up by Tim's comrades, and what had taken a long series of years to acquire was in a few minutes lost to the proprietor. All would have gone on in the smoothest manner in the world, provided Tim had been anything of a fool. But he knew perfectly well that his friends below would take all the money by virtue of being his instructors, and would not give him a share; he, therefore, took from out of a chest the cloak of the Archimandrite, which was made of the choicest sable-skin, and flung it out of the hole upon the

ground, intending it for himself, but had no sooner done so, than one of his masters took it up and put it on. Tim then, letting himself down began to feel for the cloak upon the ground, for it was very dark.

"What are you groping for?" said his masters.

"I am seeking for my cloak," answered Tim.

"What do you mean by calling it yours?" said one. "I have put it on myself. How should it belong to you?"

"Because," said Tim, "I took it for myself, and not for you."

"But we are your instructors," said they, "consequently whatever you take belongs to us."

"O! no," cried he, with a loud voice. "I got the money for you, it is true, and no share of that belongs to me, but the cloak is mine."

"You lie, fool," said they.

"O! if you talk in that manner," said Tim,

"I will go and ask the Archimandrite, and the one to whom he adjudges it shall have the cloak."

"Let's see how you'll go to work," said they.

"You shall," said he, "only don't be afraid."

Thereupon, he went to the window of the cell in which the Archimandrite and his servant slept, the latter a very lively lad, and a great teller of pleasant stories. Tim peeping in, perceived that the Archimandrite was asleep, and snoring like a hedgehog, but the lad was awake. Tim tapped with his finger against the window, whereupon the lad got up and looked out. But before he could ask who was there, Tim seized him by the ears with both his hands, dragged him out, and tying a handkerchief over his mouth, delivered him to the custody of his associates. Then climbing softly in at the window, he lay down in the young fellow's bed. After waiting a little time, he fell to arousing

the Archimandrite. His masters who were listening under the window, hearing him try to awake the ghostly man, begged him to come out.

"What are you about?" they cried. "The devil take you and the cloak, too! Woe is us, that we ever came here with you!"

But without attending to them, he cried:

"Father Archimandrite! your reverence!"

"Hey! what!" replied the Archimandrite, in a voice half-suffocated with sleep.

"I have had a very bad dream," said Tim, "I dreamt that thieves broke into the treasure-room, and carried away all the money, and also your cloak of sable. He who climbed up to steal the treasure, took the cloak out of the box, intending it for himself. He gave his comrades all the money, and only wanted to keep the cloak; but they refused to give it him. Now, who do you say should have the cloak?"

The Archimandrite imagining that it was his chamberlain who was speaking to him, cried:

"Oh, how tiresome you are! People are sure to dream at night. Pray don't trouble my rest."

Tim was silent for a time, but no sooner had the Archimandrite fallen asleep again, than he again awoke him, crying:

"Whom is the cloak to be given to?"

"Oh, you tiresome fellow!" cried the Archimandrite. "Well, if you must know, I would have it given to him who broke in. But, pray, let me sleep."

Tim troubled him no more, and as soon as he was fast asleep got out of the window and took possession of the cloak without any opposition from his teachers, who extolled his cleverness to the skies. They set out for home, and the first thing they did when they arrived was to hide their booty. After this adventure, Tim's

masters frequently discoursed with each other about their apprentice. His address and cleverness pleased them exceedingly. They hoped that he would be of the greatest assistance to them, and in order to keep him with them, they determined to give him their sister, who was rather a pretty girl. When they declared their mind to Tim, he was far from refusing so good a match, for they offered plenty of money with her. So he married, and ceasing to be their apprentice, became their brother-in-law and comrade.

After some time his wife said to him :

" It is bad living with these brothers of mine who are thieves to the very bone. Moreover, you know the rhyme, 'Though the thief may thrive for many a day, he becomes at last the hangman's prey.' So it is my wish and counsel that we separate from them at once and for ever, and go and live at your father's house,

where, though we may not be so rich, we shall at any rate be in peace."

Tim approved of what she said, and communicated his intention to those honest gentlemen—his brothers-in-law. They were very much mortified at what he told them, and endeavoured to persuade him to stay with them, but in vain. At last they said:

"We will let you go on the following conditions: we will give you a swine, and if to-night we contrive to steal it from you, you shall pay us two hundred roubles, or remain in our service till you have gained for us that amount, and if we are unable to steal the swine, we will pay the same sum to you."

"Very good," said Tim, "I will see whether you can steal her away from me."

Then he loaded a cart with his property, and set off with his wife to the house of his father.

As soon as he got home he mixed up in the

trough a mess of barley-meal and wine for the pig, who, after gorging herself with it, became senselessly drunk. Tim, then, dressing her in a sarafan or woman's long night-gown, placed her on the petsch or stove in a corner, where she stretched herself out and lay without motion. He then went to bed with his wife in the chamber above. They were scarcely asleep when the thieves arrived, and searched in every nook and corner round about the house, but not finding what they were in quest of, they repaired to the kitchen, and, listening, heard something snoring. Forthwith one of them crept in, and moving about softly touched the swine, but feeling the nightgown at the same time, he jumped out of the kitchen almost frightened out of his wits.

"Who are you?" cried his comrade.

"Your brother," he replied. "Oh, I got into such a scrape. The thing which is snoring in

the kitchen is the old beldame, Tim's mother. I took hold of her by the side, but so softly that I did not wake her, and such a stench came from her that I really thought I should have fainted. Now, what to do I don't know—but, stay! I will go and ask my sister where the swine is. Perhaps she will tell me whilst she is dozing." He then climbed softly on the top of the chamber, removed a board from the roof, and, poking his sister gently with his stick, said: "Wife! where did we put the sow?"

"Don't you remember," said she, "that we placed her in the kitchen, on the petsch, dressed in a nightgown?"

No sooner did the thief hear this than he sprang like a madman from the roof, and rushing into the kitchen, dragged off from the petsch the drunken swine. He and his brother then lugged her away from the house, and when they had got to some distance, they tied her feet

together, and thrusting a stick under, they carried her off on their shoulders at full trot. This riding on a stick—which was very different from lying in a cradle—soon brought the sow to her senses, who began to behave in a very obstreperous and disagreeable manner, and the faster they went the more obstreperous and disagreeable did she become. The thieves now began to repent of the expedient which they had devised for bringing back Tim to their society; but, fearing to lose two hundred roubles, they bore all the nuisance of the swine, and hastened on their way.

Tim awoke a little time after the swine had been carried away, and being quite drowsy clean forgot what he had done with her.

"Wife! wife!" cried he, jogging his bed-fellow on the side with his elbow, "where did we hide the swine?"

"How long is it," said she, "since you asked

me that? Did I not tell you that she lies on the petsch in the night-gown?"

"When did you tell me that?" cried he.

"Not long ago," said she; "but no doubt you were drowsy."

"Now, farewell to our swine!" said Tim. "No doubt they have taken her away." And springing from the bed he ran into the kitchen, but found no swine upon the petsch. Tim felt his knees quake under him. But the prospect of living with the thieves, as their slave, compelled him to cast aside all useless despondency, and to seek a remedy for the misfortune. Flinging himself upon his horse he galloped off in the hope of overtaking the travelling swine, in which he succeeded. He came up with the party just as they were entering the wood, and rode gently after them; the night, which was exceedingly dark, preventing the thieves from seeing him. By this time they were excessively weary, and

wishing to take some rest, they flung the swine upon the ground in a rage, and one of them said :

"What a weight! It's enough to kill one. Yet one must not mind toiling when two hundred roubles are at stake."

Quoth the other: "I would almost give up the roubles for a horse or something to carry this load of carrion for us."

Meanwhile, Tim, leading his horse some way aside, tied it to a tree, then drawing softly nigh he began to make a jingling with the bridle and stirrups which he had taken off the horse. One of the thieves hearing the jingling said :

"Listen, brother! some horse is going about entangled in its harness."

As Tim still continued jingling, one of them fully persuaded that there was a horse close at hand set off to catch it, whilst the other rested himself sitting close by the swine. Tim moved

on before the thief, who followed, expecting every moment to lay his hand upon the strayed horse. Imperceptibly he led him to a great distance, and then leaving him hurried back to the other. When he was not more than twenty yards from him he stopped and cried:

"Pray, brother, come and help me to untie this accursed brute."

The fellow, imagining that it was his brother, got up to help him, saying:

"A pretty baby you, who cannot untie a horse."

Tim, however, pretending that he could not hold the horse, moved away, and led him very far from the road. Then leaving him to seek his brother who was in vain pursuit of the horse he ran to where the swine lay, and, seizing hold of her, placed her upon his horse and carried her off. As soon as he got home he tied her by the leg to the hand-mill which stood in the

middle of the kitchen, round which he strewed a quantity of rye. Forthwith the swine fell to eating the rye, and, by moving round, set the mill a grinding. Tim then flung himself upon his bed, and without any care resigned himself to sleep.

In the meanwhile the thieves met each other.

One said, "Where's the horse?"

The other answered, that he had never caught a glimpse of it.

"Then why did you call me to help you to untie it?" said the first.

"You are mad!" replied the other; "I never spoke a word."

"Well, then," said his comrade, "it is plain that fellow Tim has played us a trick. Let us go and see whether the swine is where we left her."

But, after seeking her for a long time in vain, they concluded that their brother-in-law had

carried her back with him home, whereupon they set off for Tim's house with all speed.

On arriving at the court-yard, they went to the kitchen, and one of them said:

"Brother, I am afraid we have lost our two hundred roubles. The old beldame, Tim's mother, is awake and up. Don't you hear her getting the mill in order? She is going to grind. However, I will go to my sister, and ask her, as I did before, where the swine is hid; perhaps it is not in the kitchen."

So he climbed up upon the roof as he had done before, and waking his sister said:

"Wife, where is the swine?"

"You must be asleep," she replied; "have you forgotten that she is tied to the hand-mill in the kitchen?"

The thief, having learnt where the swine was, ran to the kitchen, and seizing his booty hastened away with his brother, saying:

"Master Tim has taught us a lesson; he will not deceive us again."

Shortly after this Tim awoke, and jumping up, ran to look after the swine. But on entering the kitchen, he perceived that she had been stolen a second time. Nothing now remained for him to do but to run and overtake the thieves, and discover some means of deceiving them again. He ran without any burden on his back, and besides, was all the fresher for having rested, consequently he had no difficulty in overtaking the tired thieves, who were carrying the swine between them. He went softly behind them till they came to the wood.

As soon as they had entered it one of the thieves said to his comrade:

"Let us rest awhile here."

But the other replied:

"No, brother; if Tim overtakes us here, he will trick us again by some means or other.

But some way farther on you remember there is an empty cottage, near the road, there we can rest without danger."

"Very good," said his comrade, "we will stop there."

Tim, hearing what they said, turned aside, and, getting before them, daubed his face with clay; then, running as fast as he could to the cottage, he sat down within the ruined petsch, holding in his hand a brick. He had not waited five minutes when they entered the cottage and cast the swine down upon the floor.

"Now, brother," said one, "we have nearly finished the business, let us smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Capital!" replied the other, taking out his flint and steel; but though he struck and struck, he could not make the tinder take light. "Here's a pretty affair," said he, "the tinder got

damp as I ran amidst the dew of the wood endeavouring to overtake that rascal Tim."

"Go to the mouth of the petsch," said the other, "perhaps a spark will take hold of the soot."

The other went up to the petsch and began again to strike. In the meantime Tim, looking full at him, gnashed his teeth violently. The thief, hearing something gnashing, struck harder than before, and, looking into the petsch by the light of the sparks, instantly fell to the ground, for seeing the face of Tim he took him for the devil and was so terrified that he could only utter with a broken voice:

"Oh, brother!—the devil!—the devil!"

Thereupon, Tim knocked violently upon the petsch, and hurled the brick at the other thief, who made for the door, but, striking his forehead against the lintel, he fell senseless. Tim then seizing one of their sticks began to belabour his

brothers-in-law so lustily that they soon recovered their recollection and betook themselves to flight. Their legs trembled so with the fright they were in that they stumbled more than once; but Tim assisted them on their way by pelting them with bricks. Having driven them off, he took the swine and carried her home, where he arrived just as the day was beginning to break.

The first word which the thieves said on recovering their breath was about the wager with their brother-in-law.

"Now," said they, "as the devil has run away with the swine, Tim cannot produce her, so we will force him to come and live with us again."

Thereupon they set off straight for the house, because it was already getting light; but on their arrival they found that they had lost their wager, and that it was not the devil who had

routed them in the deserted cottage, but their brother-in-law.

"Oh, you precious rascal!" said they, "you nearly killed us with terror."

"There's no help, brothers," he replied, "you were thinking of taking two hundred roubles from me, but now you have to pay them to me."

After some demur, he received the money from them, and began to live in a highly respectable manner.

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NIELS EBBESEN

AND

GERMAND GLADENSWAYNE

TWO BALLADS

BY

GEORGE BORROW

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NIELS EBBESEN.

All his men the Count collects,
  And from Slesvig marched away;
Never such as host was seen
  Or before or since that day.

Into Denmark marched the Count,
  Followed by so fair a band;
Banners twenty-four they bore,
  Power like theirs might none withstand.

Gert the Count to Randers rode,
  To bad counsel lending ear;
For from old it stood foretold,
  He should end there his career.

He would not the place avoid,
  But seemed bent to tempt his fate;
Of the rural lords and thanes
  He the quarters up will beat.

Knights and freeborn men apart,
  There trooped eighteen thousand bows;
Forty thousand made they all,
  Who could such a host oppose?

To Niels Ebbesen the Count
  Word to appear before him sent;
And safe convoy him he gave,
  Which should doubt and fear prevent.

Gert the Count met Ebbesen
  North of Randers by the sea:
"Welcome be, Niels Ebbesen!
  Say how matters stand with thee."

To Niels stretched the Count his hand,
  And to parleying straight they go;
There was little then of jest,
  And of dallying less, I trow.

"Sir Niels Ebbesen, thou art
  Welcome as the flowers in spring;
How stand minds in North Jutland,
  Thence what tidings dost thou bring?

"Say how all thy wealthy friends
  And thy heart's loved lady are;
Which dost wish for at my hands,
  Smiling peace, or bloody war?"

"Well stand minds in North Jutland,
  Each man's courage there's erect;
Say, dost come as friend or foe?
  What from thee may we expect?

"I have kindred in the North,
  Men of wealth and noble race;
Shouldst thou it require of them
  They'll be ready for thy Grace."

"Wise art thou, Niels Ebbesen,
  And thy prudence none can doubt;
When thou canst not straightway hit
  Widely then thou ridst about.

"Hear thou, Sir Niels Ebbesen,
  Thou must on mine errand ride;
Say, how many men thou hast
  Brought, on whom thou mayst confide?"

"Kindred, Sir, I have, and friends,
  'Mongst the hardy Jutlanders;
Willingly they follow me
  To the stormy strife of spears.

"I have brought, such as they are,
  With me thirty mounted men;
Be they fewer, or be they more,
  Dear are they to Ebbesen."

"Hast thou with thee thirty lads?
  That seems but a scanty force;
Yester e'en at Sir Bugge's Gate
  Stood'st thou with a hundred horse."

Backward Ebbesen recoiled,
  And with high flushed cheek replied:
"He nor knight nor gentleman
  Is, who me hath thus belied.

"Be it man or woman who
  To my face dares that to say,
Till I've answered suitably,
  Ne'er from him I'll flinch away."

"Hear thou, dear Niels Ebbesen,
  We thereof will talk no more;
To thy friend Sir Bugge ride,
  Him to serve me true win o'er."

"If your errand I shall do,
  And to Bugge bold repair,
From thy part what I'm to say
  First to me thou must declare."

"Bugge bold has me defied,
  Young Poul Glob has done the same;
Anders Frost makes one of them,
  Him your Chief 'tis said ye name.

"And e'en thou, Niels Ebbesen,
  Certain courtiers hast with thee,
Who have eaten of my bread,
  And have basely quitted me.

"First there is young Eske Frost,
  And his stalwart brothers two;
Without leave of mine obtained,
  From my service they withdrew.

"More there are whom I've obliged,
  And who pay me now no heed;
If to Bugge's rede you list
  Soon ye'll see how you will speed."

"Nought of Bugge's rede I know,
  What he'll do or leave undone;
Eske thy true servant was,
  Cast no blame that knight upon.

"Eske Frost's a gallant man,
  Guards his honour like his eye;
Sought he his discharge to gain,
  Why to him didst it deny?

"Custom 'tis in Danish land,
  And has been from days of eld,
That the man who will not serve
  Shall not be to serve compell'd.

"No two things, save Monk and cowl,
  Are for aye together tied;
As they loathe or like their place
  Courtmen ride away or bide."

It was Count Sir Gert, could not
  Such like reasoning understand:
"No one ought to quit his lord
  Whilst that lord would him command.

"And, Sir Niels, too long thou hast
  Here stood idly chattering;
Either thou shalt Denmark quit,
  Or thou shalt on gallows swing.

"'Neath safe convoy since thou'rt come
  Thou shalt go withouten hurt;
To thy cost else thou should'st learn
  What it is to anger Gert."

"I thy princely passport hold,
  Whether it avail or not;
If thou do me aught of harm,
  Infamy thy name will blot.

" Thieves mayst thou on gallows hang,
  To be torn by carn and crow ;
For thy threat from native land,
  Wife, and child, I will not go.

" But if me from native land
  And my wife and babes you chase,
Thou shalt soon, for certainty,
  Rue thou e'er hast seen my face!"

" Ride away, Sir Ebbesen,
  Quickly hence thyself betake,
Or I will, as well I can,
  On thy skull the helmet break."

" None e'er saw me so adread
  But that I could tremble still,*
Hear, Count Gert! look to thyself,
  Guard thee from approaching ill."

" Ebbesen, thou tirest me,
  Suffering thus thy tongue to run ;
Till to-morrow thou art safe,
  Even till the set of sun.

* A common Danish expression denoting contempt for a threat.

"This, and the next day till eve,
  Thou for me shalt be at rest;
But no belted knight am I
  If I be not soon thy guest."

Swift away rode Ebbesen,
  Shook his iron-gloved fist in air:
"That I soon shall come again,
  Good Sir Count, in memory bear."

Forward rode Niels Ebbesen,
  Spurred his steed till blood outflew;
With his men the Count remained,
  No one dared the knight pursue.

Till he reached his Castellaye,
  Still he rode withouten rest;
To his dear Dame he complained,
  Begged of her her counsel best.

"Here thou sitt'st, dear Housewife mine,
  What advice canst thou bestow?
Gert will drive me from the land,
  Hath declared himself my foe.

"To my choice three things he put,
  Least of all I liked the third;
I should join him, or the land
  Quit, or hang, such was his word."

"Ah! what counsel can I give
  From my simple woman's mind?
The most desperate counsel's best,
  Can we but that counsel find.

"The most desperate counsel's best,
  If we can but it discover;
Either slay the tyrant, or
  Burn the house the tyrant over.

"To the smithy lead your steeds,
  Let them all be shod anew;
Turn ye all the heels afore,
  Thus your trace will cheat the view.

"Turn ye all the heels afore,
  Track ye thus, I ween, can no man;
Never tell to mortal wight,
  Thou hast learnt this from a woman."

" Here my gallant swains ye sit,
  Merry-making o'er your drink ;
Every lad who loves his lord
  From his lord now must not shrink."

Up then rose the Courtmen bold,
  To take on anew agreed ;
Save Sir Niels' sister's son,
  From his uncle would recede.

Swore the knights a solemn oath
  That for him their lives they'd stake,
And with him would dauntless ride
  Wheresoe'er a fray he'd make.

So they rode to Fruerlund,
  From their steeds they there dismount ;
Into Randers then they walked,
  To beat up the hairless Count.

It was Sir Niels Ebbesen,
  To the bridge of Randers came :
" He who's loath to follow me
  Straightway his discharge may claim."

Forward stepped the tiny Frost,
  Thought the truest of the true:
"Give me my dismissal, Sir,
  Give me horse and saddle too."

So he sought and got discharge,
  Saddle got and steed withall;
But he served his master best
  That same day ere evening fall.

To the Count's door rode Sir Niels,
  Ne'er from that withdrew his look;
Thrice thereon with iron lance
  Heavily the hero strook.

"Rise up from thy sleep, my lord!
  Let me in right speedily;
Thy dear brother, Henrik Count,
  Has dispatched me unto thee."

"By my brother if thou'rt sent,
  Rest thee from thy journey long;
Me to-morrow in the Kirk
  Meet 'twixt mass and matin song."

"Let your page but at the door
  Take from me the entrusted scroll;
Ribe hard invested is,
  Colding town is burnt to coal.

"Ribe hard invested is,
  Colding's burnt, and Vedel's flung
Open to our troops its gate,
  And Niels Ebbesen is hung."

"If what thou hast told be truth,
  News it is to make one gay;
Thou shalt in respect be held
  Herald till thy dying day.

"Page! no more keep fast the door,
  Let me on the herald gaze;
For that we the land have won
  Is the sum of what he says."

To the window went the Count,
  Thence his eye the lances caught:
"Ha! Niels Ebbesen's at hand,
  Curse the hour I Denmark sought."

Fierce with shields the doors they banged,
  Burst the locks with frequent blow:
" Hairless Count! art thou within?
  Hairless Count, we pledge thee now!"

" Set thee down, Niels Ebbesen,
  We shall things accommodate;
Let us send to Henrik Count,
  And Claus Krummedige straight."

" Not so yesterday didst thou
  Speak, Sir Count, by Randers strand;
Then thou saidst that I should hang,
  Or should quit my native land."

Up and spoke the Count's footpage,
  Kinsman he to Ebbesen:
" By his words if ye be fooled
  Lost art thou and all thy men."

Up and spoke the black young page,
  Black because he was not white:
" Straight desist from useless talk,
  Let, I rede, your faulchions bite."

" I've no castles, Sir, which can
  Such a prisoner long contain ;
Now, ye men, spare not your swords !
  Hew at him with might and main !"

So the tyrant Count they took,
  Made him kneel upon the floor ;
And his bald head off they hewed,
  Hewed it off the bedstead o'er.

Soon as they the Count had slain,
  Loud the drums the alarum beat ;
It was Sir Niels Ebbesen
  From the town would fain retreat.

From the town he hasted then,
  Dared no longer there to stay ;
Soon met him Sir Ove Hals,
  And essayed to bar his way.

" Do thou hear, Sir Ove Hals !
  Do to me no injury !
Thou my faithful cousin art,
  Prythee, Ove, let me flee."

"Our affinity I know
  Well I know its near degree;
But my Lord you've foully slain,
  Niels! I will not let thee flee."

Bleat the sheep, the ganders hiss,
  Crows the cock upon the wall;
Ove Hals was sore beset,
  Must to the Holsteiners call.

'Gainst the Danes he could not stand,
  Must to the Holsteiners call;
"Murdered is your liege the Count
  Up, and on his butchers fall!"

Fight Sir Ove and Sir Niels,
  Ebbesen he would not fly,
He Sir Ove's head smote off,
  Left the corse in blood to lie.

Ebbesen to Randers bridge
  Came, there grew the combat hot,
There he found the tiny Frost
  Who had late dismissal got.

Niels sped over Randers bridge,
  Holstein's men came thronging after ;
What did then the tiny Frost
  But the bridge drop in the water.

Thanks to Niels's sister's son,
  Well he served his uncle then ;
In the firth the planks he cast,
  No bridge found the Holstein men.

Niels a widow visited,
  She'd but barley bannocks two,
One she gave to Niels, because
  He the hairless tyrant slew.

Ebbesen ! God sain thy soul,
  Never was a braver Dane ;
Thou didst free thy fatherland
  From a foreign tyrant's chain.

Christ bless every gallant man,
  Who shall both with mouth and hand,
In the time of its distress,
  Seek to serve his fatherland !

GERMAND GLADENSWAYNE

Our King and Queen sat o'er the board
  In high festivity;
Between them there was much discourse
  About the briny sea.

Our gallant King and youthful Queen
  They sailed across the foam;
Much better had it been for both
  That they had stayed at home.

But barely they a mile had gone
  When still the vessel stood,
There came a raven wild, who strove,
  To sink them in the flood.

"If any thing the ship doth hold
  Concealed beneath the main,
I'll give thee, bird, a lump of gold
  To set it free again.

"O do not sink us in the sea,
  Swart bird," exclaimed the Queen,
"And I'll give thee a lump of gold
  Weighs Bismer pounds fifteen."

"Gold and silver I heed them not,
  I crave another fee,
The treasure neath thy girdle fair
  Thou now must promise me.

"Plenty of gold I have myself,
  From gold no help you'll find,
On what beneath your girdle's hid
  I've firmly set my mind."

"I give what neath my girdle's hid,
  My bunch of keys—what more?
I'll speedily have others forged
  If I but win to shore."

Then straight she took the little keys
  And cast them overboard ;
Away then flew the Raven, glad
  He had obtained her word.

The Queen walks on the yellow sand,
  Then o'er her came a gloom,
She felt that Germand Gladenswayne
  Was quick within her womb.

And from that day when five short months
  Her head had flitted o'er,
The Queen she went to the chamber high,
  And a lovely son she bore.

Born was he in the evening hour,
  They christened him at night ;
They called him Germand Gladenswayne,
  Concealed him whilst they might.

They fostered him a winter's space,
  They fostered him for nine ;
The fairest youth he grew on whom
  The sun did ever shine.

So well he throve, so well he grew,
  His horse he well could ride,
Whene'er his mother on him gazed
  So woefully she sigh'd.

'Now list to me, my mother dear,
  One thing I fain would know ;
Why dost thou sigh so piteously
  Whene'er I past thee go?"

"Now hear thou, Germand Gladenswayne,
  I've cause to be forlorn ;
Beguiled I gave thee to a fiend
  Before thou yet wast born."

"And do thou hear, my mother dear,
  All sorrow cast aside :
Whatever be the will of God
  By that I must abide."

It chanced upon a harvest morn
  The breezes scarcely stirr'd,
That as the chamber door stood ope
  So wild a yell was heard.

In came the laidly bird of prey,
  And stood the Queen before :
" Dost thou remember, gracious Queen,
  Thy gift to me of yore ? "

She swore by God, and by the saints,
  By all that's good she swore,
That son nor daughter in the world
  She never, never bore.

Then flew away the bird of prey,
  With an eldritch shriek he's flown :
" Whene'er I meet Germand Gladenswayne
  I'll remember he's my own."

When Germand fifteen years had reached
  He'd fain a damsel wed ;
He loved the daughter of England's king,
  The angel-lovely maid.

His longing to be with his plighted maid
  He might no more withstand :
" O how shall I come across the foam
  To the flood-encircled land ? "

It was Germand Gladenswayne,
  He donned his best array ;
And he has ta'en to his mother dear
  To the lofty hall his way.

In came Germand Gladenswayne,
  In scarlet clad was he :
" O mother lend me thy feather robe
  To fly across the sea."

" My feather robe hangs upon the crook,
  The feathers droop so low,
If thou dost fly to the foreign land
  I shall see thee never moe.

" The pinions are so broad that they
  Grow heavy in the air,
I'll have another made for me
  If I live another year."

He set himself in the feather robe,
  Flew o'er the ocean straight ;
And there met him the raven wild,
  Beneath a rock did wait.

He flew up, and he flew down,
  He flew in fearless guise;
And when he reached the midst of the sea
  He heard a frightful voice.

"Ha, well met, Germand Gladenswayne,
  O'er long hast thou delay'd;
Thou wast but little when to me
  A present thou wast made!"

"O let me fare, O let me fly,
  To speak my maiden dear;
Be sure that I, when her I've seen,
  Again will meet thee here."

Then I will let thee fly, but still
  My mark on thee will set,
Lest thou midst knights and beauteous dames
  Thy raven lord forget.

Then out the boy's right eye he toré,
  And drank up half his blood;
But still he reached the bower of his bride,
  His heart was yet so good.

He set himself by the Damsels' bower,
  All bloody and distrest ;
All the dames within that were
  Forgot to smile and jest.

All the damsels grew so still,
  With horror sat they fast ;
Except proud Damsel Adelude,
  Aside her work she cast.

All the maids within forsook
  Both jest and merry note ;
'Twas the proud Damsel Adelude
  Her hands together smote.

" Now welcome, Germand Gladenswayne,
  Where hast thou been to play ?
Say, why bebloodied are thy clothes,
  And pale thy cheeks as clay ? "

" Farewell, dear Damsel Adelude,
  I soon from thee must fly ;
For he must have my youthful life
  Who tore from me my eye."

Her silver handled comb she took,
  And strove to comb his head ;
For every hair that she did comb
  A briny tear she shed.

For every lock the maiden combed
  A stream of tears did run ;
How often she the mother cursed
  Who had betrayed her son.

It was Damsel Adelude,
  She took him in her arm :
" Accursed be the wicked Dame
Who caused us all this harm."

" Hear thou, sweet Damsel Adelude,
  Curse not my mother so,
She had no power in this affair,
  We all to fate must bow."

He set him in his feather robe,
  And mounted on the wind ;
She set her in another robe,
  And followed fast behind.

" O turn thee, Damsel Adelude,
  Turn my beloved one,
Thy bower door doth open stand,
  Thy keys lie on the stone."

" Though my bower door doth open stand,
  And my keys lie on the stone,
Yet I will follow thee to the place
  Where harm to thee was done."

All the birds she cut so small
  She met with there on high,
Except the laidly Raven wild,
  And him she could not spy.

'Twas the proud Damsel Adelude
  Flew down towards the strand ;
Nought found she of the Gladenswayne
  Except the good right hand.

She flew so wroth the clouds below
  The laidly bird to find ;
She flew East, and she flew West,
  To slay him she designed.

She hacked the birds into pieces three,
  Before her knife that came ;
But when she met the Raven wild
  Into ten she hacked his frame.

And still till she of sorrow died
  She flew across the heath ;
It was for Germand Gladenswayne
  She suffered grief and death.

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LITTLE ENGEL

A BALLAD

WITH A SERIES OF

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LITTLE ENGEL.

It was the little Engel, he
  So handsome was and gay;
To Upland rode he on a tide
  And bore a maid away.

In ill hour he to Upland rode
  And made a maid his prize;
The first night they together lay
  Was down by Vesteryse.

It was the little Engel he
  Awoke at black midnight,
And straight begins his dream to state
  In terror and affright.

"Methought the wolf-whelp and his dam,
  The laidly she-wolf gray,
Tore out my heart, and twixt their teeth
  Did hold it as I lay."

"That thou dream'st little Engel thus
  Can cause slight wonderment,
When me thou'st ta'en by might and main
  Nor asked my friends' consent."

In came Solwey Johnsen then
  And stood before the table;
He was I ween a clever lad,
  And well to speak was able.

"Hear thou, my lord, Little Engel,
  Rise up and straight begone;
For here Sir Godey Loumand comes
  By four ways to the town."

"I fear not four, Solwey Johnsen,
  Nor five fear I, nor ten!
I fear not Godey Sir Loumand, though
  He come with thirty men."

"O there are more than four, Sir,
  Or five, Sir, or than ten;
Here cometh Godey Sir Loumand with
  A hundred armed men."

It was the little Engel, he
  Took Malfred in his arm:
"Now, dearest heart, some counsel give
  May free us from this harm."

It was the little Engel, her
  Upon the white cheek kiss'd:
"Now do thou hear, my bosom's dear,
  With counsel us assist."

"The best advice that I can give
  I'll give thee in this case;
To Mary's Church we will retire,
  They'll ne'er destroy that place.

"We'll gold and silver take, and on
  The scale we'll pile them high;
To-morrow from the Churchmen we
  The holy place will buy.

"Around you call your merry men all
  To whom you've given bread ;
For refuge we to the Kirk will flee
  Since we are thus bestead.

"Do you take all your merry men who
  Your coursers' backs have prest ;
We'll hie us to our Lady's church,
  And set our hearts at rest.

"That's the best counsel, love, I know,
  A simple woman I ;
In Mary's house we'll lock ourselves,
  And there our foes defy."

It was the little Engel,
  Into the church he went :
Sir Loumand to beleaguer him
  A hundred men has sent.

Before the kirk his men they lay
  Till full five months were past ;
It was Godey Sir Loumand
  So wrathful grew at last.

Then spake the mother of little Malfred,
  With hate 'gainst her was fill'd :
"The Kirk of Maria burn with fire,
  And it with gold rebuild."

The fire began to burn, to burn,
  The sparkles in they flew ;
At that adread was little Malfred,
  And ashy pale she grew.

It was so hot in the Kirk yard when
  Abroad the blazes sped ;
But in the Kirk still hotter when
  In poured the melted lead.

It was the little Malfred,
  So frantic was her mood :
"O let us quick the horses stick,
  And cool us with their blood."

Then little Engel answer made,
  As on the floor he stood :
"But coolness small shall we derive
  From our good coursers' blood."

Answered the groom who loved the steeds
As dearly as his breath:
"Ye'd better little Malfred stick,
She well deserveth death."

It was the little Engel,
His arms round Malfred twin'd:
"No death hast thou deserved from us,
And none from us shalt find.

"My little Malfred, do thou hear
What I now say to thee;
If a son this year thou chance to bear,
That son name after me."

They placed her on a buckler,
They placed their spears below,
And through the window lifted her
With hearts so full of woe.

It was the little Malfred round
The church goes staggering now,
Scorched were her scarlet robes, and scorched
The ringlets on her brow.

It was the little Malfred fell
  Upon her white bare knee:
"O may I bear a son this year,
  The avenger of this to be."

So they the little Malfred took
  And in a mantle roll'd,
And sorrowfully lifted her
  Upon a courser bold.

Outspake the little Malfred when
  She reached the verdant plain:
"Burnt is our Lady's house this day,
  And burnt so bold a swain.

"Burnt is our Lady's house, and burnt
  Therein so brave a swain;
His equal till the day of doom
  We ne'er shall see again."

It happened in the autumn tide,
  The autumn of that year,
That she within her secret bower,
  A beauteous boy did bear.

To the holy Kirk they carried him,
  They christened him at night;
They called him little Engel, and
  Concealed him whilst they might.

They fostered him for winter one,
  And so on, till he grew
The fairest knight beneath the sun
  That you did ever view.

So well he grew and throve until
  Seven years had passed away:
"Thy uncle slew thy sire, my boy,
  For the first time, that I say."

Still with his mother he remained
  Till five more years were sped:
"Thy uncle slew thy father, boy,"
  He heard most often said.

"Now do thou hear, my mother dear,
  Who sittest clad in pall;
Up under Oe I'll riding go,
  And serve in the Monarch's hall."

"Yes, ride thee hence to Court, and there
  To win thee honor try ;
Forget not who thy father slew,
  For the last time I cry."

He served so long at court that he
  His friend the Dane King made ;
With heavy heart he'd sit apart
  Whilst others laugh'd and play'd.

The Danish King observed at last
  He grieved at seasons all :
"Now hear, good youth, I'd know forsooth
  Why thou art sorrow's thrall.

"Thou grievest like the little bird
  The greenwood bough upon ;
Thou seemest like the lonely wight
  Whose friends are dead and gone."

"Now do thou hear, thou King of the Danes,
  With grief I down am weigh'd ;
My uncle slew my sire of old,
  And no atonement made."

"If thou wilt up of the country ride,
  And well avenge that deed,
As many of my men to thee
  I'll lend, as thou shalt need.

"If thou'lt avenge thy father's death,
  Thou shalt have fitting aid ;
Three hundred of my men to thee
  I'll lend, in steel array'd."

It was the little Engel, he
  Rides in the greenwood shade ;
He marshals there his good men all,
  And sets him at their head.

In haste came in the little footboy,
  And stood before the table ;
He was I ween a clever lad,
  And well to speak was able.

"Now hear, Sir Godey Loumand, hear,
  Arise and straight begone;
Little Engel's coming with his troop
  By four ways to the town.

"Little Engel's coming with his troop,
  And he'll be on us soon;
And wroth is he, as wroth can be,
  His war-lance scrapes the moon."

"At Stevn and Ting, my boy, I've been,
  And wherever people mingle;
But ne'er, I swear, have I been where
  I've heard of little Engel."

It was Godey Sir Loumand,
  He stroked the page's cheek;
"If thou canst give any good advice,
  My pretty footboy, speak."

"If I can give any good advice
  Most certainly I will;
In your stone bower yourself immure
  From the approaching ill.

"The walls they are of marble stone,
  The doors they are of lead;
'Twill wondrous be, my lord, if we
  Therein are prisoners made."

It was the little Engel, he
  Halted a while to gaze :
" O there doth lie the Kirk, where died
  My sire in smoke and blaze.

" And there doth stand the castle, where
  My uncle doth reside ;
Thè amends that he shall pay this day
  The Lord in heaven decide."

By four ways they the bower beset,
  And for admission call :
The little Engel, sprightly elf,
  Was foremost of them all.

It was Godey Sir Loumand, through
  The casement out looked he :
" Now hark, ye knaves, bid your captain tell
  Why ye bawl so furiously ? "

Then answered little Engel straight
  Beneath his mantle ruddy :
" Engel he's stiled, your sister's child,
  And I am he, Sir Godey."

Then answered Godey Sir Loumand, he
  Was surely wroth thereat :
" Ride hence, and boast not of thy birth,
  Thou art a bastard brat."

" And though a bastard brat I be,
  My fortune's not the worse ;
Enough I hold of silver and gold,
  And ride on a gallant horse.

" And if a bastard brat I be,
  Thou mad'st me that I trow ;
But still I've towers, and pleasant bowers,
  And of green woods enow.

" My sire thou slew'st, and no amends
  To me didst ever make ;
Now scoff thou hast upon me cast,
  For which thy life I'll take.

" Bring gold, my merry men, and that
  Before the threshold lay ;
We'll burn the bower this very hour,
  We well for it can pay."

'Twas hot within the foreroom when
  The fire began to roar;
But hotter in the stone bower, when
  The lead began to pour.

It was the little Engel, he
  His courser never turned
To ride away from the castelaye
  Before the bower was burned.

Away at last he rode, and waved
  His hand in exultation,
Upon espying his uncle lying
  Amidst the conflagration.

Said little Engel, when he saw
  His uncle's body shrink:
"Now thou hast quaffed the self same draught
  Thou mad'st my father drink."

It was the little Engel, rode
  Home to his mother's hall;
Before it stood his mother good,
  So fair arrayed in pall.

"Here dost thou stand, my mother dear,
  Arrayed in robes of pall;
I've ridden up the land, and well
  Avenged my father's fall."

It was the fair Dame Malfred, wrung
  Her hands and wept amain:
"I'd but one care before to bear,
  And now, alas, have twain!"

"Dear mother, thou wouldst have it so,
  Now thee in tears I find,
When duteously thy will I've done:
  How strange is woman's mind!"

He turned his steed and rode away,
  His face with anger red;
With dishevelled hair, the Dame stood there,
  Such woeful tears she shed.

The little Engel hied him to
  The King his master's court;
Abroad the Dane King stood, and hailed
  The youth in kindest sort.

Into the hall Sir Engel then
  With the good monarch went:
" My choicest thanks, thou noble King,
  For thy brave warriors lent.

" Now I've avenged my father's death,
  Burnt is Sir Godey's bower;
And he therein has found a tomb,
  Who slew my sire of yore."

AN ELEGY.

Where shall I rest my hapless head,
  Heavy with grief? how plenteously
Must I the briny torrents shed—
  Alack and woe is me!

Our chief is gone, at last, at last,
  The safeguard of our nation he;
The glory of our age is past—
  Alack and woe is me!

Unto the swords, O father dear,
  Of foemen thirsting horribly
For blood, why leave thy children here?
  Alack and woe is me!

Of justice is the fountain dried,
  And mute the law's high symphony;
Fallen is Europa's brightest pride—
  Alack and woe is me.

There is a change of times and things
  That passeth on eternally,
Decreed by Him, the King of Kings—
  'Tis right—but woe is me!

Now is the earth with violets gay,
  And flowers manifold to see;
Now frozen 'neath the winter's sway—
  How brief the roses be!

Now shews the sun his head of gold
  With a superior brilliancy;
Now hides as were he dead and cold—
  Alack and woe is me.

O father! I will lave thy tomb
  With tear-drops well becoming me;
Thy tomb with flowery herbs perfume—
  How brief the roses be!

EPIGRAMS.

From the Persian.

1.

Hear what once the pigmy clever
  To the stupid giant said:
Things are not of highest value
  Which do highest rear their head;
The sluggish horse is nothing better
  Than the donkey lowest bred.

2.

The man who of his words is sparing
  His strength and weakness hidden keeps;
Think not every thicket empty,
  Perchance in one a tiger sleeps.

3.

If thou would'st ruin 'scape, and blackest woe,
  Unto these words, these precious words attend:
Never be heedless of a mortal foe,
  Nor choose a proud and envious man for friend.

4.

Sit down with your friends in delightful repose
  When war and contention you see 'midst your foes;
But when to an end their contentions they bring,
  Then, then seize the bow, and get ready the sling.

5.

The hungry hound upon the bone will pounce
  He prowling finds, and not mistrustful pass;
He asks not whom it did belong to once,
  The prophet's camel or the sinner's ass.

6.

Great Aaroun is dead, and is nothing, the man
  Who left forty castles replete with gold store ;
But living though dead is the great Nourshwan,
  In the good name he left he has death
    triumphed o'er.

7.

Though God provides our daily bread,
  Yet all must seek that bread I ween ;
Though all must die, there is no need
  To rush the dragon's jaws between.

8.

THE KING AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

If in the boor's garden the King eats a pear,
His servants rapacious the tree will uptear ;
For every five eggs he gives bounteously, more
Than five hundred fowls will his armies devour.

9.

THE DEVOUT MAN AND THE TYRANT.

If the half of a loaf the devout man receives,
The half of that half to the wretched he gives ;
But no sooner a tyrant one kingdom has ta'en,
Than the wish of his heart is another to gain.

10.

THE CAT AND THE BEGGAR.

If a cat could the power of flying enjoy,
She all the world's sparrows would quickly
destroy ;
If power in the hands of a beggar you place,
No mercy he'll show to the beggarly race.

11.

THE KING AND TAYLOR.

The taylor who travels in far foreign lands,
Can always get bread by the work of his hands ;
But the King who from throne and from country
has fled,
Must oft without supper go sighing to bed.

12.

GOLD COIN AND STAMPED LEATHER.

Of the children of wisdom how like is the face
To pure gold that's accepted in every place ;
But the ignorant great are much like leather cash,
At home which though current, abroad is but trash.

13.

So much like a friend with your foe ever deal,
That you never need dread the least scratch from his steel ;
But ne'er with your friend deal so much like a foe,
That you ever must dread from his faulchion a blow.

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ERMELINE

A BALLAD

BY

GEORGE BORROW

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ERMELINE

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WITH lance upraised so haughtily
  Sir Thunye rides from Alsey town ;
On land and main he was, I ween,
  A daring knight of high renown.

Sir Thunye rides in good green wood,
  He fain will chase the nimble hare ;
And there he meeteth the Dwarf's daughter,
  All with her band of maidens fair.

Sir Thunye rides in good green wood,
  To chase the nimble hart and hind ;
And there he meets the Dwarf's daughter,
  Beneath the linden bough reclin'd.

She rested 'neath the linden's shade,
  The gold harp in her hand was seen:
"O yonder I spy Sir Thunye ride,
  I'll bring him to my feet, I ween.

"Now sit ye down, my maids so small,
  And sit you down my little foot boy;
For I the Runic note will play,
  Till field and meadow bloom with joy."

Then struck she amain the Runic stroke,
  The harp began so sweet to ring,
The wild bird on the twig that sat
  Forgot its merry song to sing.

The wild bird on the bough that sat
  Forgot its merry song to sing;
The wild hart running in the shaw
  Forgot forthwith to leap and spring.

Then bloomed the mead, the bough burst forth,
  As wildly rang that Runic strain;
Sir Thunye fiercely spurred his steed,
  But, ah! to 'scape he strove in vain.

It was the knight Sir Thunye then
  From his good courser bounded he;
He went up to the Dwarf's daughter,
  And took his seat beside her knee.

"Hail to thee, Daughter of the Dwarf!
  Do thou become my wedded wife,
And I'll respect and honor thee,
  All, all the days I gain in life.

"Here sitt'st thou, Daughter of the Dwarf,
  A rose amongst the lilies all;
No man can see thee in this world
  But thee his own he fain would call."

"Now list to me, Sir Thunye the knight,
  Give up, I beg, this amorous play;
I have already a bridegroom bold,
  The King whom all the dwarfs obey.

"My father sits within the hill,
  He marshals there his elfin power;
Next Monday morn my bridegroom bold
  Shall bear me to his elfin bower.

"My mother in the hill doth sit,
  And plays with gold that round is strewn;
But I stole away from out the hill,
  To play upon my harp a tune."

"O ere the Dwarf shall thee possess,
  And his shall be a bliss so high,
O I will lose my youthful life,
  And break my faulchion willingly."

Then answered straight the Dwarf's daughter,
  And with a frown thus answered she:
"O thou may'st gain a lovelier bride,
  But ne'er, Sir Knight, wilt thou gain me.

"Now haste away, Sir Thunye the knight,
  I rede thee for thy life take heed;
My father and my bold bridegroom
  I ween will both be here with speed."

It was her mother, the Dwarf's Lady,
  She peeped from out the mountain's side;
And she was aware of Sir Thunye there,
  Standing beneath the linden wide.

Out came her mother, the Dwarf's Lady,
  And anger shone upon her face:
"Now hear Wolfhilda, daughter mine,
  But ill beseems thee such a place.

"Thou'dst better sit within the hill,
  And sew the linen white as snow,
Than come to strike the gold harp here,
  Beneath the verdant forest bough.

"The King of the Dwarfs has wedded thee.
  Thy free consent he sought and won;
Yet thou hast dared Sir Thunye here
  To chain with stroke of magic Rune."

It was the daughter of the Dwarf
  Must weeping into the mountain flee;
Devoid of sense Sir Thunye went
  Behind her, nor could hear nor see.

But hear what did the wife of the Dwarf:
  With silk so soft a stool she spread,
And there he sat till crow of cock,
  As though he had been stark and dead.

But hear what did the wife of the Dwarf:
  The book of power forth she brought,
Therewith she broke the Runic thrall,
  Wherein the hero had been caught.

"Now have I freed thee from the Runes,
  They never more can thee oppress:
This have I done for honor's sake,
  My daughter thee shall not possess.

"Much more, Sir Knight, for thee I'll do,
  For sheer goodwill and affection pure;
I will for thee a bonnier bride
  Than any elfin maid procure.

"I was not born in this wild hill,
  Of Christian folk I am the child;
An only sister I possess,
  And she Dame Ermeline is stil'd.

"She bears the crown in merry England,
  The crown and queenly dignity;
Her daughter dear has stolen been,
  For thus the tale was told to me.

"Her daughter dear has stolen been,
  She lieth now in strict durance;
To blessed Kirk she may not go,
  And far, far less to merry dance.

"She ne'er may out of the window look
  Except to watch her women stand;
Nor play at tables with the King
  Unless the Queen is close at hand.

"Except the King, so aged and grey,
  No earthly man she e'er has seen;
Each night her chamber door is locked,
  And she who locks it is the Queen.

"The Damsel's named proud Ermeline,
  She sits in Upsal sorrowing sore;
Whilst bolts of steel and iron bars
  Make fast the Damsel's chamber door.

"The King he has a sister's son,
  And Allevod is the name he bears;
And he's to wed the lovely maid
  As soon as he the Kingdom heirs.

"But I will give thee saddle and horse,
And golden spurs I will supply;
Thou ne'er shalt ride a path so wild
But thou shalt reach a hostelry.

"And I will garments give to thee,
With gold adorned at the seam;
And I will give thee a ruddy shield,
Wherein the richest diamonds gleam.

"And I will give thee a silken band,
With roses 'tis embroider'd all;
Whilst thou dost bear that girdle fair
No word thou say'st shall vainly fall."

Forth stepped the Daughter of the Dwarf,
For, ah! she loved the knight so dear:
"And I will give thee a faulchion good,
And I will give thee a polished spear.

"Thou ne'er shalt ride through wood so wide
But thou shalt surely find the way;
And ne'er, Sir Knight, engage in fight
But victory thou shalt bear away.

"Thou never, never shalt sail the sea
  But in safety thou shalt come to land;
Thou never, never shalt wounded be,
  I ween, by any human hand."

It was the proud Dame Thorelile,
  The clear wine into the cup she pour'd:
"Now haste thee from the elfin hill,
  Ere home arrive the elfin Lord."

Sir Thunye rides in the good green wood,
  His spear it gleams so wide, so wide;
And soon he meets the Dwarf himself,
  To his mountain home as the Dwarf would
    ride.

"Well met, well met, Sir Thunye the Knight,
  Thy horse he speeds right gallantly;
Say whither, whither dost thou ride?
  On journey bound thou seemst to be."

"Riding to woo, Sir Dwarf, I am,
  Riding to wed a beauteous lady;
To break a spear I do not fear,
  For weal or woe alike I'm ready."

"Ride on thy way, Sir Thunye the Knight,
  Nought else than peace thou shalt have from me;
In Upsal town a swain there lives
  Will willingly break a lance with thee."

Sir Thunye rides in Sweden's land,
  Essay his fortune there would he;
And there he found nine stalwart knights,
  Stood armed beneath the forest tree.

Upon their heads their helms were placed,
  Their good shields glittered before their
    breasts;
By their sides hung down their gilded swords,
  And their spears hung ready within the rests.

"Halloo, ye Swedish champions nine!
  Say, will ye fight for honour now?
Or will ye fight for ruddy gold,
  Or the ladies' love for whom ye glow?"

Then answered Allevod, the King's son,
  High rose the pride his heart within:
"Enough I have of honour and gold,
  No more of either need I win."

"There sits a maid in Upsal town,
  That maid is named proud Ermeline;
By lance we'll settle whose shall be
  That lovely maiden, mine or thine."

The first course that together they rode
  So furious were that knightly twain
Asunder burst their shields of gold,
  And their broken spears flew o'er the plain.

But now the second course they ride,
  And again they meet with a crash like thunder;
Sir Allevod fell from his gilded selle,
  His sturdy neck-bone burst asunder.

That vexed sore the Swedish knights,
  Their leader's fall they fain would wrake;
But fortune proved so stern and dour,
  The good knight's faulchion drove them back.

It was then the Swedish knights
  Their ruffled garb adjusted they;
And unto the hall, the regal hall,
  To the Swedish King they took their way.

"A Jutt is come to our land, Sir King,
  Armed and dight in elfin way ;
Of eight good knights the limbs he's broke,
  Who strove with him in battle fray.

"Of eight good knights the limbs he broke,
  Halt and lame they will aye remain ;
And upon the sod lies Allevod,
  Thy sister's son by that Jotun slain."

Then answer made the ancient King,
  Rending his hair so long and grey :
"With sable and mard I'll them reward
  Who dare this cursed Jutt to slay."

Forth rode the Swedish courtiers then,
  To slay the Jutt so sure they made ;
But soon from them the vaunt he drove,
  Such heavy blows on their polls he laid.

No sable and mard was their reward,
  When they returned from the battle fray ;
They must doff, I ween, their armour sheen,
  And clothe them in the wadmal grey.

That vexed the Swedish courtiers sore,
  And in mournful guise they murmured out:
"In Sweden's land lives none can stand
  Against this wild and sturdy Jutt."

Sir Thunye he to Upsal rides,
  Respect and honour attend his path;
The Swedish knights they held their peace,
  And were only glad to escape his wrath.

And he has broken the huge steel-bar,
  And he the savage bears has slain;
And out he has led the lovely maid
  Who long in dreary thrall had lain.

"Now welcome be, Sir Thunye the Knight,
  Unto this savage Swedish clime;
I say to thee in verity
  I've sighed for thee a weary time.

"When I was but a little child,
  To me 'twas spaed that a knight should come
From foreign land, should Allevod slay,
  And to England's realm should bear me home.

"I beg of thee, Sir Thunye the Knight,
  That thou as a Knight by me wilt stand ;
There liveth none beneath the sun,
  To whom I'd sooner yield my hand."

Then answered amain Sir Thunye the Knight,
  As he bowed his knee to the Lady fair ;
"With heart and hand by thee to stand,
  By the holy name of Christ I swear."

And so he took the lovely maid,
  With her store of gold so ruddy of hue ;
And to Denmark's land he her conveyed,
  Where a loving pair full soon they grew.

He has carried her to his castle hall,
  Like a blooming flower there she shone;
Rejoicéd all, both great and small,
  In Alsey's ancient town that wone.

It was bold Sir Thunye the Knight,
  His knightly faith so well kept he ;
The next, next Monday morn he held
  His bridal's high festivity.

'Twas noised about in merry England
  The King's lost daughter was found at last;
Rejoiced, I ween, the King and Queen,
  And away for ever their grief they cast.

The King a scroll to Sir Thunye sent,
  Wishing him luck with his Ermeline;
And begged he'd come across the foam
  That he to him might the crown resign.

It was good Sir Thunye the Knight,
  He spread on the yard his sails so wide;
And they arrived in the far England
  In less, I'm told, than two months' tide.

It was good Sir Thunye the Knight,
  He steered his vessel towards the strand;
And, lo! the ancient King and Queen
  Were walking on the yellow sand.

"Now welcome be Sir Thunye the Knight,
  Thrice welcome be to this foreign strand;
Of England all the fair kingdom shall
  Be subject to thy knightly hand."

So he the kingdom has resigned,
  And he has crowned the knight of fame;
And dales and downs and England's towns
  Thus subject to the knight became.

Now has Sir Thunye all achieved,
  And now to joy may his heart resign;
He rules by day old England gay,
  And sleeps at night with his Ermeline.

A King more powerful there is none
  Than he, the flower of chivalry;
The knights, they say, of Sweden pray
  He never more their guest may be.

THE CUCKOO'S SONG IN MERION.

From the Welsh of Lewis Morris.

THOUGH it has been my fate to see
  Of gallant countries many a one ;
Good ale, and those that drank it free,
  And wine in streams that seemed to run ;
The best of beer, the best of cheer,
  Allotted are to Merion.

The swarthy ox will drag his chain,
  At man's commandment that is done ;
His furrow break through earth with pain,
  Up hill and hillock toiling on ;
Yet with more skill draw hearts at will
  The maids of county Merion.

Merry the life, it must be owned,
  Upon the hills of Merion;
Though chill and drear the prospect round,
  Delight and joy are not unknown;
O who would e'er expect to hear
  'Mid mountain bogs the cuckoo's tone?

O who display a mien full fair,
  A wonder each to look upon?
And who in every household care
  Defy compare below the sun?
And who make mad each sprightly lad?
  The maids of county Merion.

O fair the salmon in the flood,
  That over golden sands doth run;
And fair the thrush in his abode,
  That spreads his wings in gladsome fun;
More beauteous look, if truth be spoke,
  The maids of county Merion.

Dear to the little birdies wild
  Their freedom in the forest lone ;
Dear to the little sucking child
  The nurse's breast it hangs upon ;
Though long I wait, I ne'er can state
  How dear to me is Merion.

Sweet in the house the Telyn's[1] strings
  In love and joy where kindred wone ;
While each in turn a stanza sings,
  No sordid themes e'er touched upon ;
Full sweet in sound the hearth around
  The maidens' song of Merion.

And though my body here it be
  Travelling the countries up and down ;
Tasting delights of land and sea,
  True pleasure seems my heart to shun ;
Alas ! there's need home, home to speed—
  My soul it is in Merion.

[1] The Harp.

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ALF THE FREEBOOTER

LITTLE DANNEVED AND SWAYNE TROST

AND OTHER BALLADS

BY

GEORGE BORROW

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SIR ALF THE FREEBOOTER

Song the First

Sir Alf he is an Atheling,
Both at Stevn and at Ting.[1]
Know ye little Alf?

Alf he builds a vessel stout,
For he will rove and sail about.

Alf he builds a vessel high,
The trade of pirate he will try.

He draws on the sand a circle mark,
And with a bound he gained the bark.

Upon the prow Alf foremost stood,
And Copenhagen's koggers view'd.

[1] *Stevn* and *Ting*. Both words signify a tribunal before which litigations were decided.

O'er the wide sea he flung a look,
He knew the course the vessels took.

"There koggers nine salute mine eyes,
All, all they bear shall be my prize."

Alone into a boat he goes,
And briskly to the koggers rows.

"Well met, ye Courtmen, clad in mail
Unto what haven do ye sail?"

"Unto that haven we are bound,
Where Alf is likeliest to be found."

"What will ye on the man bestow
Who unto ye Sir Alf can show?"

"Silver and gold to him we'll give,
All he can wish for shall he receive.

Presents of worth he shall not miss,
The robber's vessel shall be his."

"And what shall be the pirates' lot,
If Alf the pirate escape you not?"

"His mariners we'll hew and slay,
Himself we will in irons lay."

"Ha! little Alf ye here may see,
Slight victory ye shall win from me!"

"Up, up and board, my gallant crew,
Cable and rope asunder hew!"

Till he was weary Alf he hew'd,
In fifteen Courtmen's gore he stood.

He captured all the koggers nine,
And sailed for Norway o'er the brine.

To Rostock in the tiding goes,
Then palened many a cheek of rose.

Widow and child lamented sore,
This hurtful hawk had made them poor.

But they must thole this damage all,
Their tears but bootless, bootless fall.

Know ye little Alf?

SIR ALF THE FREEBOOTER

Song the Second

Sir Alf will not stay in Norroway land,
  For he passes his time there wearily;
Full fifteen lordships in fief he holds,
  He can live thereout right merrily.

Sir Alf he walks on the verdant wold,
  Conning his breviary;
There meets him Bendit Rimaardson,
  For God of his sins was weary.

"Good morrow, good day, thou little Sir Alf,
  Thou art a valiant noble,
But if thou become the King's prisoner to-day,
  The land will know less trouble."

"I am not the little Sir Alf,
  I vow by the holy Mary;
I am but a little mass-boy, Sir,
  To the priest the wine I carry!"

Bendit lifted his high, high hat,
  And upon his visage staring,
Said: "Thou art the little Norwegian Alf,
  If mine eyes are the truth declaring.

"Thou wast a school boy along with me,
  Thou darest not deny it;
And well at the school I remember thee,
  Thou gavest us no quiet."

"If thou be Bendit Rimaardson,
  Thou art my near relation;
If to-day thou wilt swear thou knowest me not,
  Thou wilt do me an obligation."

But straight they took the little Sir Alf,
  And gyves to his legs they fastened;
And away, away to Helsingborg,
  With the captive Alf they hastened.

"Now take little Alf to the chamber high,
To the hall of the regal tower,
That the Queen at her ease, and her maids, if they please.
May behold this thief of power."

Then up and spake the Danish Queen,
On first little Alf espying:
"The man that I see cannot surely be he,
Whose fame through the world is flying."

"Though I of stature be little and mean,
I've every manly talent,
And ne'er wilt thou bear thy lord an heir,
Half, half so good and gallant.

"I'd give my mantle with roses red,
And lilies flowered over,
If I might sleep one night with thee,
And play the ardent lover.

"If I one night with thee might sleep,
None knowing but thy maid servant,
For then, I ween, thou would'st beg, fair Queen,
For my pardon in accents fervent."

Then answered him the Danish Queen,
  As she struck the board with vigour:
"To-morrow, ere folk to breakfast go,
  On a gibbet thou shalt figure!"

"Why hang'st thou not Ivor of Holsterbro,
  And Canute of Sonderboro?
They were thieves like me, but they slept with thee,
  And their death would have caused thee sorrow."

Then they took away the little Sir Alf
  From the hall of the regal tower;
For the beauteous Queen and her ladies had seen
  Enough of this thief of power.

They led the little Count Sir Alf
  Out East from Helsing city;
With contrite breast he his sins confess'd,
  And to God he cried for pity.

"Now I counsel each noble woman's son,
He in honour's courses guide him,
With his equals dwell in the land, for well
With all will that land provide him.

"For many a day and many a year
I've plundered, as every one knoweth;
But what we win with injustice and sin
With shame and sorrow goeth.

"A Count was I, of Erling's race,
O'er Timsberg's rich fief I lorded;
That filled me with pride, and my will I would have,
Though my will with no law accorded.

"First, first on all who my hate had won
I murders foul committed;
Then to wife and maid no respect I paid,
But shamefully them I treated.

"From the needy citizen his goods
And his life besides I've riven;
Widow and orphans my deeds bemoan,
And for vengeance cry to heaven.

"Lord God to me kind and clement be,
And grant me this petition:
Let me gain, when this death of shame I've thol'd,
Into endless life admission."

LITTLE DANNEVED AND SWAYNE TROST.

"O what shall I in Denmark do?
  To bear your armour I'm too weak;
The Danish warriors jeer at me,
  Because their tongue I cannot speak."

It was the young Danneved,
  He bade them saddle his courser grey:
"O I will ride to Borrebye,
  And a visit to my mother pay."

O clinking were his spurs so keen,
  And swiftly sped his horse along;
At Lundy Kirk in Skaaney land
  He stopped to hear the matin song.

O first he heard the matin song,
  To hear nine masses stopped he then;
And now it lists young Danneved
  To mount upon his steed again.

Out spake Oluf, the aged and good,
  He was I ween the parish priest:
"I beg of thee, little Danneved,
  To be this day my honoured guest."

"This day I'll break with no man bread,
  Nor drink a drop of rosy wine,
Until I come to Borrebye,
  And hold discourse with mother mine."

"Now hear me, dearest Danneved,
  Give o'er, I beg, thy purpose straight;
So many of thy enemies
  Before the town in ambush wait."

"O first I trust in my faulchion good,
  And then I trust in my courser tall,
And next to them in my merry swains,
  But in my own self most of all."

"'Tis well to trust in thy faulchion good,
  'Tis well to trust in thy courser tall,
But do not trust in thy merry swains,
  For they'll deceive thee first of all."

It was little Danneved,
  Abroad before the town he came ;
And there met him his enemies,
  Thrice nine in number were the same.

So numerous were these enemies,
  For him that did in ambush lie,
All Danneved's swains they took their leave,
  And from their lord did basely fly.

All his merry men took their leave,
  And from their master basely flew,
Except the young Swayne Trost alone,
  He with his lord took on anew.

"O I, my Lord, your clothes have worn,
  And ridden have I, my Lord, your steed,
And I will stand by you to-day,
  Nor leave you in your greatest need.

"O I have taken your silver and gold,
  And I have eaten of your bread,
And I'll not budge from you to-day,
  Although my life-blood I should shed."

So they their backs together placed,
  Master and man, in the forest green ;
And in the early morning tide
  They of the foemen slew fifteen.

Then they their backs together placed,
  Where thick and high the bushes were;
They twain alone full thirty slew,
  Acquiring honour ever fair.

It was the young Danneved,
  To his side his trusty faulchion tied ;
And now they both so joyously
  Home to his mother's castle ride.

It was the young Danneved,
  Came riding to the Castellaye ;
It was then his mother dear
  Came out to meet him, blythe and gay.

"Be welcome, little Danneved,
  Be welcome to this house of mine;
What doth it please thee now to drink?
  O, say, shall it be mead or wine?"

"O, I will ne'er break bread with you,
  Or drink a drop of mead or wine,
'Till thou hast given the young Swayne Trost
  Fair Ellen, only sister mine."

"And do thou hear, my dearest son,
  Hear what I now declare to thee;
As God shall help me in my need,
  Brothers of Ellen both ye be."

"Now do thou hear, my mother dear,
  Thou'st not to me the truth declar'd;
Where didst thou bear the young Swayne Trost,
  That of his birth I never heard?"

"O he was but a little child,
  When him from out the land I sent;
And, hearing it said that he was dead,
  To none I did my loss lament."

Then up spoke little Danneved,
  He was the son of a knight so high:
"Now I have such a brother found,
  I never more will grieve or sigh.

"God's blessing upon thee, young Swayne Trost,
  To thee my troth I now will give;
I'll ne'er deceive thee, young Swayne Trost,
  As long as I on earth shall live."

Little Danneved and young Swayne Trost,
  In sables and mard themselves array;
And both of them took so joyously
  To the imperial Court their way.

SIR PALL, SIR BEAR, AND SIR LIDEN.

Liden he rode to the Ting, and shewed
  His bloody gashes there:
"And these were done by no other one
  But my dear brother Bear."

With humble air upstood Sir Bear,
  And for leave to speak he cried:
"I'll give thee gold and silver to hold,
  And my good broad lands beside."

"Keep thou thyself thy silver pelf,
  And thy good broad lands for me;
By God I swear this little hand fair
  Thy death, brother Bear, shall be."

Home to their hall ride Bear and Pall.
  With unsuspicious mind ;
In wrathful mood, with five swains good,
  Followed Liden close behind.

Sir Pall, and Sir Bear, and Sir Liden, three were,
  And they met the boughs beneath :
'Twas sad to view how quick out-flew
  Their faulchions from the sheath.

First Pall he slew his brother true,
  Then Bear to death he smote ;
I tell to ye for verity
  His own death wound he got.

They took up with care Sir Pall and Sir Bear,
  To the city them they bore ;
Beneath the skies in the greenwood lies
  Sir Liden amid his gore.

To the earn and the owl and the beasts that prowl
  Sir Liden's corpse they left ;
When that was said to his plighted maid
  She died of sense bereft.

Had he paid heed to his mother's rede,
  And himself to the law address'd,
His brothers twain had remained unslain,
  And their feud had been laid at rest.

In piteous mode wept Mettelil proud,
  The death of her three sons bold:
"Woe's me," cried she, "That e'er my eyes
  Should this sad hour behold."

For Pall she wept sore, and still, still more
  For Bear the good and brave;
But most of all for Sir Liden's fall,
  For he had no hallowed grave.

BELARDO'S WEDDING

From the banks, in morning's beam,
Of Xarama, famous stream;
From the spot, or nigh it, where
It joins the Tagus broad and fair,
Sped Belardo, blithe and gay,
To receive the righteous pay
Of all the years of love he'd spent
In doubts, and fears, and discontent—

But happy the shepherd who finally gains
The beautiful prize of his manifold pains.

Unto her village now he goes
The handsome Philis to espouse;
For now her father, kind and bland,
But late so stern, yields him her hand.
Now in his eyes the shepherd shows
The rapture in his breast that glows,
That after storm and hurricane
The heaven should look bright again.

How happy the shepherd who finally gains
The beautiful prize of his manifold pains.

Not as of yore on foot, I trow,
Or in albarcas goes he now;
Albarcas made of slain wolf hide,
In blood of cow or heifer dyed.
O snow-white pointed shoes wore he,
Green stockings gartered at the knee;
Button composed of burning glass,
Presented, mind ye, by his lass.

How happy the shepherd who finally gains
The beautiful prize of his manifold pains.

What a knight of gallant air
Rides he forth on sorrel mare;
Saddle of Friezeland leather made,
Fringe of the most dainty thread.
Sombrero new, of neatest shape,
Mantle long with lengthy cape,
Sayo green, obscure to see,
Graced with much embroidery.

How happy the shepherd who finally gains
The beautiful prize of his labour and pains.

By the guise in which he's drest,
His hopes are visibly exprest;
Hopes which so often damped and chilled
Are on the point to be fulfilled.
Within his bosom he doth bear
All the billets of his dear;
They are so many bills which he
Is bent to settle speedily.

Happy the shepherd who finally gains
The beautiful prize of his manifold pains.

Arriving at the house he saw,
Waiting for him, his father-in-law,
Who, good-bye to scoffs and slights,
Holds his stirrup whilst he lights.
Lovely Philis at the door
Calls him "husband" and "senor;"
He "senora" and "dear wife"
Calleth her, they're one for life.

Happy the shepherd who finally gains
The beautiful prize of his manifold pains.

THE YEW TREE

O TREE of yew, which here I spy,
By Forida's famed monastery;
Beneath thee lies, by cold death bound,
The tongue for sweetness once renown'd.

Thou noble tree who shelterest kind,
The grave from winter's snow and wind,
May lightning never lay thee low,
Nor archer cut from thee his bow;
Nor Crispin peel thee, pegs to frame,
But may thou ever bloom the same;
A noble tree the grave to guard
Of Cambria's most illustrious bard!

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THE KING'S WAKE

AND OTHER BALLADS

BY

GEORGE BORROW

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THE KING'S WAKE

To-night is the night that the wake they hold,
To the wake repair both young and old.

Proud Signelil she her mother address'd :
" May I go watch along with the rest ? "

"O what at the wake wouldst do my dear ?
Thou'st neither sister nor brother there.

" Nor brother-in-law to protect thy youth,
To the wake thou must not go forsooth.

" There be the King and his warriors gay,
If me thou list thou at home wilt stay."

" But the Queen will be there and her maiden
crew,
Pray let me go, mother, the dance to view."

So long, so long begged the maiden young,
That at length from her mother consent she
wrung.

"Then go, my child, if thou needs must go,
But thy mother ne'er went to the wake I trow."

Then through the thick forest the maiden went,
To reach the wake her mind was bent.

When o'er the green meadows she had won,
The Queen and her maidens to bed were gone.

And when she came to the castle gate
They were plying the dance at a furious rate.

There danced full many a mail-clad man,
And the youthful King he led the van.

He stretched forth his hand with an air so free,
"Wilt dance, thou pretty maid, with me?"

"O, sir, I've come across the wold
That I with the Queen discourse might hold."

"Come dance," said the King with a courteous
smile,
"The Queen will be here in a little while."

Then forward she stepped like a blushing rose,
She takes his hand and to dance she goes.

"Hear Signelil what I say to thee,
A ditty of love sing thou to me."

"A ditty of love I will not, Sir King,
But as well as I can another I'll sing."

Proud Signil began, a ditty she sang,
To the ears of the Queen in her bed it rang.

Says the Queen in her chamber as she lay:
"O which of my maidens doth sing so gay?

"O which of my maidens doth sing so late,
To bed why followed they me not straight?"

Then answered the Queen the little foot page,
"'Tis none of thy maidens I'll engage.

"'Tis none I'll engage of the maiden band,
'Tis Signil proud from the islet's strand."

"O bring my red mantle hither to me,
For I'll go down this maid to see."

And when they came down to the castle gate
The dance it moved at so brave a rate.

About and around they danced with glee,
There stood the Queen and the whole did see.

The Queen she felt so sore aggrieved
When the King with Signil she perceived.

Sophia the Queen to her maid did sign:
"Go fetch me hither a horn of wine."

His hand the King stretched forth so free:
"Wilt thou Sophia my partner be?"

"O I'll not dance with thee, I vow,
Unless proud Signil pledge me now."

The horn she raised to her lips, athirst,
The innocent heart in her bosom burst.

There stood King Valdemar pale as clay,
Stone dead at his feet the maiden lay.

"A fairer maid since I first drew breath
Ne'er came more guiltless to her death."

For her wept woman and maid so sore,
To the Church her beauteous corse they bore.

But better with her it would have sped,
Had she but heard what her mother said.

SWAYNE FELDING

SWAYNE FELDING sits at Helsingborg,
  He tells his deeds with pride;
Full blythe at heart I ween he was,
  His faulchion at his side.

He vows that he on pilgrimage
  To regal Rome will go;
And many a Danish warrior bold
  Doth make the self same vow.

So out they rode from Danish land,
  And only two were they;
They stopped to rest them in a town,
  Its name was Hovdingsey.

They stopped to rest in a lofty town,
  Its name was Hovdingsey ;
They guested with a Damsel proud,
  A wondrous lovely may.

She placed Swayne highest at the board
  Amidst a knightly band ;
And then wherefrom they two were come
  The Damsel did demand.

"Thou art no needy pilgrim, Sir,
  Who honorest us this eve ;
And that can I by thy small shirt
  Hooked with red gold perceive.

"O I can plain by thy small shirt
  With red gold hooked discern,
Thou art the King of Denmark come
  To do us a noble turn."

"I am not Denmark's King, fair maid,
  Nor any thing so high ;
I'm but a needy pilgrim, born
  Within the Dane country.

"Now list to me thou Damsel fair,
  List kindly I beseech,
There's many a child in Denmark born,
  And with his own luck each."

And there sat she the damsel fair,
  And the silken seam she sewed;
For every stitch she sew'd a tear
  From her eyes of beauty flowed.

"Now do thou hear, my damsel dear,
  Why dost so sorely grieve?
If thou declare thy bosom's care
  Perchance I can relieve."

"Within our land a Giant lives
  Who waste our land will lay;
Upon no other food than maids
  And ladies will he prey.

"Within our country lives a trold
  From us our land will tear,
Unless we can procure a man
  To fight with him will dare.

"But I have heard in all my days
  That Danemen know no fear;
No doubt it is to help us now
  That God has sent one here."

"And had I horse and harness now
  Well suited to my back,
Then would I break with him a spear,
  Proud damsel, for thy sake."

They led three hundred horses forth,
  Milk white was every one;
But the first sank down like a messan dog
  That Swayne laid the saddle on.

They led the Spanish horses forth,
  Their eyes were very bright;
Swayne drew the bridle o'er their heads,
  And straightway they took fright.

It was the brave Swayne Felding then
  Was sorely sad in mood:
"O had I but a Danish horse
  Who had eat of Denmark's food.

"Full fifteen golden rings so good
From Denmark I did bring,
But for a horse of Jutland breed
They every one should spring."

Then up came striding a millerman
So gaily o'er the wold:
"O I have got a Danish horse,
In Denmark he was foal'd.

"A mottled Danish horse I've got,
In Sadbylund was born;
He bears each time that he goes to mill
Full sixty bolls of corn."

"Now hear thou honest millerman,
Let me this same horse see,
For if we both be Daners born
We'll beat Italians three."

Then forth was led the miller's horse,
He look'd a very Dane;
High hip, broad chest, the saddle gilt
Upon his back laid Swayne.

Away he cast his gloves so small,
  His hands were white to see ;
And he himself girded the noble horse,
  The groom ne'er trusted he.

He girded the horse with a saddle girth,
  He girded him with three ;
The horse he gave a single shake
  And all broke instantly.

He girded the steed where he was most thick
  With such tremendous force,
That the girth did fly into pieces ten,
  And fell on his knee the horse.

" With fifteen golden rings so good
  From Denmark out I sped,
But I with every one would part
  Got I a good girth instead.

" Send ye a message o'er the mead
  Unto the beauteous lady,
And beg her for her champion's steed
  To get a new girth ready."

Full fifteen were the Damsels proud
  Who wove the ruddy gold,
And formed with care a saddle girth
  Swayne Felding's horse to hold.

The maids of Hammer, the maids of Pommer,
  And many more maids with heed,
Wove silk and gold to form a girth
  For the mottled Danish steed.

The saddle girth was ready and made
  By the early morning tide;
'Twas seven ells long, and a quarter thick,
  And more than five span wide.

But when the horse he girded was
  So fierce he ramped and reared,
That there was none of Austria's men
  But to look upon him feared.

"Now do thou hear thou gallant horse,
  I think thou'st human wit,
Before I mount thy back upon
  I thee will ease a bit.

"Now do thy best, my gallant horse,
  Who like a buck dost play;
Here may ye see, ye German knights,
  Of Danish men the way.

"Now take away the crowned sword,
  To bear it would break my vow;
And fetch ye hither a vessel's mast,
  I'll wield it well I trow."

The first course they together rode
  The Trold show'd mighty force,
Their splintered spears a furlong flew,
  And down fell either horse.

"I would but prove my horse's strength,
  I call not this a fight;
But meet me here tomorrow's morn
  And harder thee I'll smite."

Swayne Felding took the sacrament,
  And round the churchyard paced;
Within his acton next his breast
  The holy host he placed.

"And do thou hear, my Damsel fair,
Be never down at heart;
Either shall he the saddle quit
Or his tough neck shall start."

Out of the city followed him
Alike both man and dame:
"O may God grant," the people said,
"The Knight his foe may tame!"

"Now hand me not the puny lance
Which ye are wont to bear;
But do ye bring, for me to wield,
My native country's spear."

And now the second course they ride
Their cheeks with fury red;
The Devil's neck asunder went,
Flew o'er the mead his head.

His head flew into pieces nine,
His back asunder burst;
Swayne hied him to the Damsel's house,
There first he quenched his thirst.

Nine stately warriors out there came,
  Took Swayne from off his steed :
" Broad lands on thee we will bestow
  If thou wilt wed the maid."

" O I'm betrothed to one as fair
  In Ostland realms already ;
For seven tons of ruddy gold
  I would not prove unsteady.

" But build before your Hovdingsey
  A house upon the mead,
And there to Danish pilgrims give
  Good wine and best of bread."

So Danish pilgrims there they give
  Good wine and best of bread ;
They pray for brave Swayne Felding's soul,
  He now has long been dead.

INNOCENCE DEFAMED

MISFORTUNE comes to every door,
  And who can hope to 'scape its might?
And that can little Kirstine say,
  And none alas with greater right.

It was the good Sir Peter, he
  At fall of eve came home from Ting;
And it was little Kirstine fair,
  That fell the knight to welcoming.

"Now welcome, welcome home from Ting,
  Most welcome thou my father dear;
Whilst thou at Ting this day didst stand
  Didst any news or tiding hear?"

"Enough of tidings I have heard,
  To break my heart however sound;
Thy plighted youth has thee forsworn
  Because thy name was bandied round.

"Thy plighted youth has thee forsworn,
  And none can blame the youth I ween;
For eight long years it seems thou hast
  A murdress and a harlot been."

"Now do thou hear, my father dear,
  Such wicked rumours thou shouldst scorn;
For thus is many a virtuous maid
  Of fame and honor daily shorn."

"And do thou hear, my daughter dear,
  Thou shalt confess it to thy sorrow;
This evening thou shalt gather wood,
  And burn upon that wood tomorrow."

And so they took the fair Kirstine,
  And her arrayed in scarlet weed;
And mournfully they lifted her
  Upon the grey and lofty steed.

It was little Kirstine fair,
  She reached at last the verdant wold;
"Now bless'd be God on high that dwells,
  My bride-bed yonder I behold.

"So red, red are my bridal sheets,
  My bridal bolsters are so blue,
The knights who thus their daughters wed
  I hope and trust are very few."

And so they took the little Kirstine,
  And bade her sit a stump upon:
Then forward stepped her plighted youth,
  And her yellow hair he has undone.

"Now do thou hear, my plighted maid,
  I rede thee be of blythesome cheer,
For thou, I ween, dost here perceive
  Thy bride-bed and thy funeral bier."

When she had sat a little space
  No longer there she cared to wait;
Now stand thou up, Sir Archbishop,
  And Kirstine's bride-bed consecrate.

The little Kirstine then they took
  And midst the roaring blazes threw ;
The fire recoiled on every side,
  So fair and bright she stood to view.

" I thank the God who me has helped,
  The God who made the earth and sky ;
Now to a cloister I will go,
  And serve my master till I die."

And thither little Kirstine went,
  And with her all her maidens fair ;
Her father and her plighted youth,
  They quickly died of grief and care.

And now within the cloister wall
  The beauteous little Kirstine goes ;
So joyous o'er her yellow hair
  The veil so long and black she throws.

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AND

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THE SERPENT KNIGHT

SIGNELIL sits in her bower alone,
Of her golden harp she waked the tone.

Beneath her mantle her harp she played,
Then in came striding the worm so laid.

"Proud Signelil, if thou me wilt wed,
I'll give thee store of gold so red."

"Forbid the heavenly God so great
That I should become the Lindworm's mate."

"Since thee I may not for a wife acquire,
Kiss me only and I'll retire."

The linen so white betwixt she placed,
And the laidly worm she kissed in haste.

With his tail of serpent up strook he,
From beneath her dress the blood ran free.

The Lindworm down from the chamber strode,
Wringing her hands behind she trode.

And when she came out upon the stair
Her seven bold brothers met her there.

"Welcome our sister, whither dost hie?
Keep'st thou the Lindworm company?"

"Ah, yes! with the laidly worm I go,
Because hard fate will have it so."

The Lindworm into the mountain strode,
Wringing her hands behind she trode.

She fell on her knee, and her prayer she made,
"Now son of Mary deign to aid."

And when he had come to the mountain in,
Off he cast his serpent's skin.

His snake's appearance off he shook,
And the form of a stately knight he took.

"Thanks for thy trouble proud Signelil,
Now live and die with thee I will."

Now is proud Signild free from fright,
In a prince's arm she sleeps each night.

SIR OLAF

SIR OLAF rides on his courser tall,
Guests to bid to his bridal hall.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

In fours and fives the elfins dance,
The elf-king's daughter I see advance.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

"Sir Olaf, cease so fierce to ride,
And dance with me for a little tide."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

"I may not dance, I may not stay,
To-morrow is my bridal day."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

"Sir Olaf, if thou wilt dance with me,
Two buckskin boots I'll give to thee."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" I dare not dance, I dare not stay,
To-morrow is my bridal day."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" Sir Olaf, if thou wilt dance with me,
A silken shirt I'll give to thee."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" A silken shirt so fair and fine,
Which my mother bleach'd in the pale
moon-shine."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" I dare not dance, I must away,
To-morrow is my bridal day."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" Sir Olaf, if thou wilt dance with me,
A helm of gold I'll give to thee."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" A helm of gold is a bonny thing,
But I dare not tread the elfin ring."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" And if thou wilt not dance with me,
Disease and death shall follow thee."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

She struck him on the shoulder bone,
Fiercer pain he ne'er had known.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

Upon his steed she lifts the knight,
" Now hie thee home to thy heart's delight."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

And when he came to his home so late,
His mother stood at the castle gate.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" Now tell to me, my dearest son,
Why look'st so pale and woe-begone ? "
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

" O well may he look pale, I ween,
Who has felt the stroke of the Elfin Queen."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

"Sir Olaf list, my joy and pride,
What shall I say to thy youthful bride?"
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

"Thou'lt tell my bride the wood I rove,
My courser and my hounds to prove."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

The next, next morn at break of day
The bride arrives with her friends so gay.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

They skinkéd mead, they skinkéd wine:
"Where is Sir Olaf, bridegroom mine?"
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

"Sir Olaf's gone the woods to rove,
His courser and his hounds to prove."
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

She lifted up the mantle red,
There lay Sir Olaf stark and dead.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

The next, next day at early morn,
Corses three from the gate are borne.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

Olaf the knight, and his youthful bride,
And his mother dear, who of care had died.
Gaily they dance in the greenwood.

THE TREACHEROUS MERMAN

"Now rede me mother," the merman cried,
"How Marsk Stig's daughter may be my bride."

She made him of water a noble steed,
Of sands a saddle, and reins of reed.

To a young knight chang'd she then her son,
And to Mary's church at speed he's gone.

To the church's ring his steed he bound,
And three times backward the church pac'd round.

When in he strode so proud and tall
Away the images turned them all.

The priest was standing with open book:
"O who is yon knight of stately look?"

Then laughed the maiden within her sleeve :
" If he were my husband I should not grieve."

He step'd over benches one and two :
" O Marsk Stig's daughter I doat on you."

He stepped over benches three and four :
" Give me thy troth I thee implore."

She gave him her hand with an air so free :
" Here take my troth, I will go with thee."

A bridal train from church they go,
They danc'd so lightly and free from woe.

And when they came to the salt sea strand,
The little boats turn'd away from the land.

" Now Marsk Stig's daughter hold my steed,
To cross the water a boat we need."

To a little boat he chang'd his steed,
And over the waves away they speed.

And when in the midst of the sound they were,
Dissolv'd the boat into water fair.

Up the land far was heard the cry
Of Marsk Stig's maid in her agony.

Now will I caution each maiden bright,
To dance not away with an unknown knight.

Note.—The above Ballad is a later, and greatly improved, version of one which appeared under the title *The Merman* only, in the *Romantic Ballads* of 1826. The introduction of the incident of the changing by magic of the horse into a boat, furnishes a reason for the catastrophe which was lacking in the earlier version.

THE KNIGHT IN THE DEER'S SHAPE

OR

THE DECEIVER DECEIVED

It was the Knight Sir Peter,
  He dwelleth down by Oe;
Nothing, nothing, will he do
  But sail about and row.

Sail about and row about
  Is all that he will do,
So many a maiden he allures
  And proves to them untrue.

To servants two addressed him,
  Sir Peter of the isle:
"With wily speeches win me
  The Damsel Usalile."

The gallant swains then riding
  To Usalile's home,
A message sent inquiring
  If they to her might come.

In then came the gallants,
  Before the board they stood—
O, they were nimble at the tongue,
  Could speak in wily mode!

"Thy brothers seven from Skaane
  Thee lovingly do greet,
On board this ship to meet them
  Their sister they entreat."

"O if with me for parlance
  My brothers are inclined,
Here at her table sitting
  Their sister they will find.

"No lovely maid on shipboard
  Is ever wont to go,
But sharp reproofs pursue her,
  And taunting words, I trow."

Away then ride the gallants
  And to their lord repair:
"We cannot win the damsel
  By means of speeches fair."

"O I will have the damsel,
  And she shall yet be won;
I vow me to deceive her
  By force of magic Rune."

Then o'er his broider'd trousers,
  And jacket flower'd fair,
The skin of a hart he donneth
  The maiden to ensnare.

Now sported the wild little hart
  The damsel's house before,
Glitter'd like the ruddy gold
  Each hair the creature bore.

Open stood the castle gate,
  The hart therein has stray'd;
And lo with little puppies
  The merry maiden play'd.

Up and down he sported,
  To the green wood he sped;
Behind the Damsel hasting
  In a leash the puppies led.

He sported up, he sported down,
  Towards the mead he hied;
The Damsel speeding after
  With hand to lure him tried.

The Damsel speeding after
  With hand to lure him strove:
"That yonder lovely hart were tame
  O would to God above!

"O would to God in heaven,
  That yonder hart were mine!
Nothing should he ever drink
  Except the rosy wine.

"Nothing should he ever drink
  Except the rosy wine,
And nowhere should he slumber
  Save in these arms of mine."

The knight he off has shaken
  The deer shape from his frame ;
In verity fair Damsel
  The hart he now is tame !

Long stood she, the Damsel,
  So deep reflected she :
" O for some cunning artifice
  To ride me quick of thee ! "

" Sir Peter, if what now I know
  I had but known before,
The children I shall bear thee
  They ne'er should have been poor.

" Within my father's castle
  A little girl I strayed,
When in the earth a treasure
  Of ruddy gold they laid.

" Down by the strand 'tis buried,
  Beneath a mighty stone."
Thither to fetch the treasure
  In haste Sir Peter's gone.

He has broken up the flinty rock,
  So deep a hole he's made—
But none shall ever gold dig up
  Where gold was never laid!

One shall never gold dig up
  Where gold was never laid;
Never came together more
  The knight and lovely maid.

THE STALWART MONK

ABOVE the wood a cloister towers,
  Gilt window it displays ;
There lie before it Kempions twelve,
  The cloister they will raze.

There lie before it Kempions twelve,
  The cloister down will tear ;
The oxen and the cows they slew
  The monks should have for fare.

The monk he out of the window looked,
  Then shook both beam and wall :
" And be the Kemps no more than twelve,
  I'll easily tame them all."

The monk he called to his serving lad :
  " My club go fetch me in,
For I will out to the forest straight
  And make them cease their din."

It took fifteen to bring the club,
  And they strain'd all their might ;
The monk took it up with fingers two
  And swung it round so light.

He takes the club upon his back
  And into the wood he's gone,
And there met him the Kempions twelve
  Would fain set him upon.

They drew a circle on the ground,
  And each one troll'd a song ;
I tell to ye for verity
  He silenced them all ere long.

First slew he four, then slew he five,
  At length he all has slain ;
It was the monk of the shaven crown
  Would gladly fight again.

It was the monk of the shaven crown
  Would seek for another fray,
So out of the wood across the wold
  He blythely took his way.

So blythely out of the good green wood
  He sped across the hill,
And there met him a hoary Trold
  Whose name was Sivord Gill.

" If thou art the monk of the shaven crown
  Who scath'd the warrior band,
Thou either from me shalt shamefully flee
  Or manfully 'gainst me stand."

" I am the monk of the shaven crown
  Who slew the warrior band,
And never from thee will I shamefully flee
  But like a man will stand."

The first blow gave the Trold, it fell
  Upon the monk's shoulder down,
'Midst of his shoulder broke the skin,
  Bebloodied was his gown.

The next blow gave the monk, it struck
  The Trold to the verdant sward:
" Now shame befall thee, shaven Monk,
  The blows of thy club are hard.

"Now hold thy hand, thou shaven Monk,
  And do not strike me more,
And I will give thee silver and gold,
  And of coin a plenteous store."

The Monk he ran, the Trold he crept,
  Still equal was their height;
Then shewed he him a little house
  With doors of gold so bright.

Then shewed he him a little house
  With golden doors fifteen;
There got the Monk of silver and gold
  All he could wish I ween.

Seven lasts of silver, seven of gold,
  To the cloisters he caus'd convey;
He bade them find a monk could wield
  A club in as brave a way.

'Twas drawing fast to an evening hour
  And the sun went down to rest,
Still fifteen Roman miles the monk
  To the cloister had at least.

'Twas tending fast to the evening tide
And the sun to the earth did haste,
Yet he seized the first dish at the supper board
Ere the Abbot could get a taste.

Full fifteen monks he knock'd down when
No pottage he espied,
And up he hung fifteen because
The herrings were not fried.

Then out and spoke the little boy
Who waited at the meal:
" Each time the monk to the cloister comes
He thus with us will deal."

And it was getting late at night
And folks to bed should hie,
Then because the Abbot sat too long
He struck him out an eye.

The Abbot hurried off to bed
No longer dared remain;
I say to ye for verity
He felt both shame and pain.

'Twas early in the morning tide,
  The bells began to ring ;
It was the monk of the shaven crown
  Would neither read or sing.

So stately strode he up the choir
  Where the monks and nuns they stand,
Not one of them dared read or sing
  For fear of his stalwart hand.

So they the Abbot pious and good
  To a simple monk debased,
And they the Monk of the shaven crown
  As Abbot o'er them placed.

And he the cloister held with might
  Till thirty years were flown ;
Then died as Abbot in mighty fame,
  The Monk of the shaven crown.

THE CRUEL STEP-DAME

My father up of the country rode,
  He thought to wed a lovely rose ;
And there he met a laidly wife,
  The source was she of all my woes.

The first night they together slept
  She seemed to me a mother mild,
But ere a second night was past
  She prov'd a step-dame fierce and wild.

I sat beside my father's board,
  I sported there with hound and pup,
And then to blast my blissful lot
  My step-dame wild came striding up.

That God should make my lot so blest
  My wicked step-dame could not bear ;
She changed me to a sword so keen,
  And bade me far and wide to fare.

By day I grac'd the side of the knight,
  I hung the hero's heart so near ;
At night I lay beneath his head,
  For his good sword he loved so dear.

That God had made my lot so blest
  My wicked step-dame could not bear ;
She changed me to a little knife,
  And bade me far and wide to fare.

By day I was in the Lady's hand,
  The linen white with me she cut ;
At night within her bower I slept,
  All in her golden casket put.

That God had made my lot so blest,
  My wicked step-dame could not bear ;
She changed me to a little hind,
  And bade me wander far and near.

She changed me to a little hind,
  And bade me wander far and near ;
My seven maids to wolves she changed,
  And fiercely urged them me to tear.

My seven maidens were so kind,
They all refus'd the hind to tear ;
Then vexed was my step-mother wild
That God had made my lot so fair.

The young Sir Henrik serves at court,
He is a knight of handsome mien ;
For me he sorrowed day and night,
But would not let his grief be seen.

Sir Henrik roves with bow in hand
The good green wood at morning tide ;
Then up there came a little hind,
And fondly she the warrior eyed.

Then up there came a little hind
Before the young knight as he rang'd ;
Then off she cast her bestial shape,
And to a lovely damsel changed.

He took her tenderly in his arm,
He called her oft his bosom's dear :
" Thrice praised be God in heav'n that dwells
That I have found my damsel here.

"I have not any servant, love,
  Nor hast thou any maid, my fair,
So we'll pull down the linden leaves,
  And thus our bridal bed prepare."

It was then the damsel fair,
  Within the bed herself she placed;
It was the brave Sir Henrik then
  Sweet sank to sleep by her embraced.

Full sorely wept the damsel fair,
  As sleep began his eyes to bind;
Assuming then her bestial shape,
  She went away—a hapless hind.

THE CUCKOO

From the Danish

YONDER the cuckoo flutters,
  Cuckoo, Cuckoo! he utters,
And lights the beech upon;
  Many a voice is sweeter,
But do not mock the creature,
  Let each enjoy his own.

He knows no notes of passion,
  A new song cannot fashion;
True to the ancient rule,
  What his good sires respected
By him is not neglected,—
  Is he for that a fool?

O thou, my human brother,
  Who scorning every other
With self-conceit dost swell.
  We cannot all be gallants,
Not equal are our talents—
  Thou art no nightingale!

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THE STORY

OF

YVASHKA WITH THE BEAR'S EAR

Translated from the Russian

BY

GEORGE BORROW

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
1913

THE STORY

OF

YVASHKA WITH THE BEAR'S EAR

The History
of Jack with the Bears Ear

In a certain kingdom in a certain government, there lived a peasant whose wife bore him a son, who had the ear of a Bear, on which account he was called Jack with the Bears ear. Now when Jack with the Bears ear was beginning to attain his full growth he used to walk in the street and endeavour to play with the children: and the child whom he seized by the hand, off he was sure to tear his hand, and whom he seized by the head, off he would tear his head. The other peasants not being able to put up with such outrages told Jacks father that he must either cause his son to mend his manners or not permit him to go out into the street to play with the children. The father for a long time struggled to reform Jack, but perceiving that his son did not improve he resolved to turn him out of doors and said to him: Depart from me and go wherever you please. I will keep you no longer in my house, for I am much afraid lest some misfortune should happen to me on your account. So Jack with the Bears ear, having taken leave of his father and mother departed on his way. He journeyed for a long time until he arrived at a forest, where he beheld a man cutting oaken billets. He went up to him and said: Good fellow, what may be your name. Quercello, replied the other, whereupon they became sworn brothers and proceeded together. Arriving at a rocky mountain, they perceived a man hewing the rock, to whom they said: God help you, honest lad! and what may your name be, they enquired? My name

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INTRODUCTION

THE tale of *Yvashka; or, Jack with the Bear's Ear*, is a great favourite in Russia. Its main interest depends not so much on him of the Bear's Ear, or even his comrade, Moustacho, who angles for trout with his moustaches, as on Baba Yaga. This personage is the grand mythological demon of the Russians, and frequently makes her appearance in their popular tales, but perhaps in none plays so remarkable a part as in the story of Yvashka. A little information with respect to her will perhaps not be unacceptable to the reader before entering upon the story. She is said to be a huge female who goes driving about the

steppes in a mortar, which she forces onward by pounding lustily with a pestle, though of course, being in a mortar, she cannot wield the pestle without hurting herself. As she hurries along she draws with her tongue, which is at least three yards long, a mark upon the dust, and with it seizes every living thing coming within her reach, which she swallows for the gratification of her ever-raging appetite. She has several young and handsome daughters whom she keeps in a deep well beneath her izbushka or cabin, which has neither door nor window, and stands upon the wildest part of the steppe upon crow's feet and is continually turning round. Whenever Baba Yaga meets a person she is in the habit of screaming out :—

" *Oho, Oho !*
I ne'er saw Russian wight till now ;
But now the flesh of a Russian wight
I smell with nose and see with sight."

Such is the Russian tradition about Baba Yaga, who is unlike in every respect any of the goblins and mythological monsters of Western Europe, except perhaps in her cry, which puts one in mind of the exclamation of the giant in the English nursery tale of Jack the Giant killer :—

"*Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum,*
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

In the demon lore of the Turks, however, there is a ghostly being with which she seems to have considerable affinity. This goblin is called Kara Conjulos. Kara Conjulos is a female, and lives at the bottom of a well in a certain part of Constantinople, from which she emerges every night and drives about the city in a cart drawn by two buffaloes. She is much in the habit of stopping at caravansaries, going into the stables and breeding a confusion and a panic amongst the horses. She has several daughters, who

occasionally accompany her in her expeditions and assist her in the commission of her pranks. A certain learned effendi, in a most curious Turkish book which he wrote about Constantinople, has a great deal to say concerning this goblin and her daughters, and amongst other things gives an account of a very bad night which he passed in a caravansary at some little distance from the city owing to the intrusion of Kara Conjulos and her bevy.

Now for the story of Yvashka, or Jack.

GEORGE BORROW.

THE STORY OF YVASHKA WITH THE BEAR'S EAR

In a certain kingdom, in a certain government, there lived a peasant whose wife bore him a son who had the ear of a bear, on which account he was called Yvashka, or Jack with the Bear's Ear.

Now when Jack with the Bear's Ear was beginning to attain his full growth he used to walk in the street and endeavour to play with the children ; and the child whom he seized by the hand, off he was sure to tear his hand, and whom he seized by the head, off he would tear

his head. The other peasants, not being able to put up with such outrages, told Jack's father that he must either cause his son to mend his manners or not permit him to go out into the street to play with the children. The father for a long time struggled to reform Jack, but perceiving that his son did not improve he resolved to turn him out of doors, and said to him: "Depart from me and go wheresoever you please. I will keep you no longer in my house, for I am much afraid lest some misfortune should happen to me on your account."

So Jack with the Bear's Ear, having taken leave of his father and mother, departed on his way. He journeyed for a long time until he arrived at a forest, where he beheld a man cutting oaken billets. He went up to him and said, "Good fellow, what may be your name?"

"Quercillo," replied the other, whereupon they became sworn brothers and proceeded

farther. Arriving at a rocky mountain they perceived a man hewing the rock, to whom they said, "God help you, honest lad; and what may your name be?"

"My name is Montano," replied he.

Whereupon they called him their brother, and proposed to him that he should leave off digging the mountain and should consent to go with them forthwith. He agreed to their proposal, and all three forthwith proceeded on their way, and journeyed for some time. Arriving at the bank of a river they saw a man sitting, who had a pair of enormous moustaches with which he angled for fish for his subsistence. They all three said to him, "God help you brother in your fish-catching."

"Thank you, brothers," he replied.

"What may your name be?" they inquired.

"Moustacho," he answered. Whereupon they called him also their brother and invited

him to join their company, which he did not refuse. And so these four journeyed on, and whether they journeyed long or short, far or near, my tale will be soon told, though the deed was a long time in doing. At last they arrived at a forest, where they saw a cabin standing on crow's feet, which kept turning here and there. They went up to it, and said, "Cabin, cabin, stand with your rear to the wood and your front to us."

The cabin instantly obeyed them, and they having entered it began to consult how they should contrive to live there. After that they all went into the forest, killed some game, and prepared food for themselves. On the second day they left Quercillo at home to cook the dinner, whilst they themselves went into the forest to hunt. Quercillo having got ready the dinner took his seat by the window and awaited the return of his brethren. At that moment came Baba

Yaga riding on an iron mortar, which she urged on with the pestle, whilst with her tongue lolling out of her mouth she drew a mark on the earth as she went, and entering into the cabin she said :

> "'*Till now ne'er a Russian wight*
> *I've heard with ear, or seen with sight,*
> *Now full clear I see and hear.*"

Then turning to Quercillo she inquired, "Wherefore did you come hither, Quercillo ?" Thereupon she began to beat him, and continued beating him until he was half dead, after which she devoured all the food which had been got ready, and then rode off.

Upon the return of Quercillo's comrades from the chase they asked him for their dinner, and he, not informing them that Baba Yaga had been there, said that he had fallen into a swoon, and had got nothing ready.

In the very same manner did Baba Yaga treat Montano and Moustacho. At last, it coming to the turn of Jack with the Bear's Ear to sit at home, he remained whilst his comrades went forth in quest of game. Jack cooked and roasted everything, and having found in Baba Yaga's cabin a pot of honey he placed a post by the perch, and having split it at the top he thrust in a wedge and emptied the honey upon the post. He himself sat on the perch, concealing behind him the post whilst he prepared three iron rods. After the lapse of a little time arrived Baba Yaga and screamed forth:

> "*'Till now ne'er a Russian true*
> *I've heard with ear, or seen with view,*
> *Now I do both hear and view.*"

Wherefore have you come hither, Jack with the Bear's Ear, and why dost thou thus waste my property?" Whereupon she began to lick with

her tongue about the post, and no sooner did her tongue arrive at the fissure than Jack snatched the wedge from out of the post, and having entrapped her tongue he leaped up from the perch, and scourged her with the iron rods until she begged that he would let her go, promising that he should be in peace from her and that she would never more come to him.

Jack consented to her prayer, and having set her tongue at liberty he placed Baba Yaga in a corner whilst he himself sat by the window awaiting his companions, who soon returned and imagined that Baba Yaga had acted with him in the same manner as with themselves. But perceiving that he had the food all ready prepared they were much astonished thereat. After dinner he related how he had dealt with Baba Yaga, and laughed at them that they were unable to manage her. At last, wishing to

show them the drubbed and beaten Baba Yaga he led them to the corner, but there she was no longer. So they resolved to go in pursuit of her, and having arrived at a stone they lifted it up and perceived a deep abyss, down which they thought of descending. But as none of his companions had courage enough to do this, Jack with the Bear's Ear consented to go. So they began to construct a cable, and having made a canoe for him to sit in they let him down into the gulf.

Meanwhile Jack commanded them to wait for him a whole week, and provided during this time they received no intelligence of him to await no longer. "If I be alive and pull the rope draw up the canoe provided it be light; but if it be heavy cut the rope in order that you may not draw up Baba Yaga instead of me." Then having bid them farewell he descended into the deep subterranean abyss.

He remained there for a long time. At length he arrived at a cabin, which having entered he beheld three beautiful damsels sitting at their needle and embroidering with gold, and these were the daughters of Baba Yaga. As soon as they perceived Jack with the Bear's Ear they said, "Good youth, what has brought you hither? Here lives Baba Yaga, our mother, and as soon as she arrives you are a dead man, for she will slay you to a certainty; but if you will deliver us from this place we will give you information how you may save your life."

He promised to conduct them out of that abyss, and they said to him, "As soon as our mother shall arrive she will cast herself upon you and begin to fight with you, but after that she will desist and will run into the cellar, where she has two pitchers standing filled with water; in the blue pitcher is the water of strength and in the white that of weakness."

Scarcely had the daughters of Baba Yaga concluded their discourse when they heard their mother coming on the iron mortar driving with the pestle, whilst with her tongue lolling out of her mouth she drew a mark as she went, whereupon they acquainted Jack. Baba Yaga having arrived screamed out:

> "'*Till now ne'er a Russ have I*
> *Heard with ear or seen with eye,*
> *Now do I both hear and spy.*"

For what are you come hither, Jack with the Bear's Ear? Do you imagine to disturb me here also?"

Then casting herself suddenly upon him she began to fight. Both combated for a considerable time, and at length they fell upon the earth. Baba Yaga jumped up and ran into the cellar, whither Jack likewise rushed after her, and she without examining seized the white pitcher and Jack the blue one, and both drank; after that

they went out of the cellar and recommenced their combat. Jack having overpowered her seized her by the hair and beat Baba Yaga with her own pestle. She began to entreat Jack to take pity upon her, promised to live at peace with him, and that very moment to depart from the place. Jack with the Bear's Ear consented thereto, and ceased beating Baba Yaga.

As soon as she was departed he went to her daughters, thanked them for their information, and told them to prepare to leave the place. Whilst they were packing up their things he went to the rope, and having pulled at it his companions instantly let down the canoe, in which he placed the eldest sister, and by her sent word to them to draw them all up. Jack's comrades having drawn up the damsel were much astonished at the sight of her, but having learned from her the whole affair they hoisted up her other sisters. At last they let down the canoe

for Jack, but he having this time stowed into the canoe many clothes and a great deal of money, and having likewise seated himself therein, his comrades feeling the weight imagined that it was Baba Yaga who sat there, and cutting the rope left poor Jack in the abyss. Thereupon they agreed to marry the damsels, and lost no time in so doing.

In the meantime Jack with the Bear's Ear walked for a long time about this abyss seeking for an outlet. At last by good fortune he found in the gloomy place an iron door, which having broke open he proceeded for a long time in the same darkness; he then beheld a light at a distance, and directing his course straight towards it he emerged from the cavern. After this he determined to seek his comrades, whom he soon found, and the whole three were already married. Upon seeing them he began to ask them why they had left him in the hole. His

comrades in great terror told Jack that it was Moustacho who had cut the rope, and him Jack immediately slew, and took his wife to be his own. Then they all lived together, and acquired great riches.

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A BALLAD

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HAFBUR AND SIGNE

YOUNG Hafbur King and Sivard King
They lived in bitter enmity;
'Twas Signe proud that caused their feud,
Of maidens all the fairest she.

It was youthful Hafbur King
Awaked at midnight with a bound,
And full of dread he straightway said
His wondrous dream to all around.

"Methought I was in heaven's domain,
Within that place so fair to view,
And held to my breast my loved one prest,
When down we fell the cloudlets through."

And there sat all the Dames and maids
  And little heeded what he said ;
But lent an ear his mother dear,
  'Twas she alone attention paid.

" My son do thou to the mountain go,
  And look that thou dost go with speed ;
The Daughter demand of Elfin land,
  And she to thee thy dream will rede."

It was young King Hafbur bold
  In his left hand he took his blade,
And away he hied to the mountain's side
  To seek the lovely elfin maid.

With his fingers white he thrice tapped light
  Upon the mountain's side so green ;
The daughter of Elle lay awake, and well
  Could guess what did that tapping mean.

" Hail, daughter fair of Elfland's King,
  Whom here I see in costly wede !
I beg for love of the God above
  That thou to me my dream wilt rede.

"Methought I was in Heaven's domain,
Within that place so fair to view,
And held to my breast my loved one prest,
When down I sank the cloudlets through."

"Thy dreaming thou wast in heaven, doth mean
That thou shalt win the damsel proud;
But that thou shalt die for her is shown
By thy falling through the little cloud."

"And if for me it destined be
To win the maid for whom I sigh,
I'll ne'er complain if Fate ordain
That afterwards for her I die."

Sir Hafbur lets his hair grow long,
And maiden's clothes he caused be made;
And away he rode to the high abode
Of Siward King, to learn to braid.

For himself he clothes has caused be made,
All such as high born damsels wear;
Then away rode he o'er hill and lea
To seek King Siward's daughter fair.

When he had reached the castle yard
  In haste he smoothed his array ;
To the hall of state where ladies wait,
  And maids, then swift he takes his way.

"Now hail to you, ye lovely dames,
  And hail ye, maids of high degree !
And hail the child that's Signild styled,
  The Dane King's child, if here she be !

"Hail Signild, daughter of the King,
  Who here art spinning silken thread ;
Sir Hafbur me has sent to thee
  That thou mayst teach me how to braid."

"If thou dost come by Hafbur sent,
  A welcome guest thou here shalt be ;
What I can impart of the braiding art
  I'll willingly impart to thee.

"Whate'er I know of the braiding art
  I'll willingly to thee disclose ;
And thou thy meat from my dish shalt eat,
  And with my best loved maid repose."

"O I have eat with princely maids,
  And by their sides have often lain ;
I should pine, I trow, if bid to go
  To bed with one of the servant train."

"Well do not grieve my pretty may !
  We'll do thee no disgrace nor harm ;
And thou thy meat from my dish shalt eat,
  And thou shalt sleep within my arm."

And there sat all the damsels proud,
  And with their work dispatch they made,
Save Hafbur alone, the King's good son,
  Who with his needle often play'd.

They sewed the hart, and they sewed the hind,
  In good green wood that ran about ;
Of cup of gold he scarce got hold
  But Hafbur all the wine drunk out.

In came the wicked servant maid,
  In evil hour in came she :
"Where'er I've been I ne'er have seen
  A maid know less of broidery.

"A damsel fair I ne'er have seen
  Who understood of stitching less;
And ne'er on earth a maid of birth
  Drink wine with greater eagerness."

Then out and said the wicked maid,
  And loud with her sharp voice she spake:
"No maid I've viewed of noble blood
  Such draughts of power ever take.

"She never sews so small a seam
  But with her needle she doth stop;
No cup so great she gets, but straight
  She drains it to the bottom drop.

"Two eyes she has, and eyes so bold
  In high born maid I ne'er have seen;
And she doth bear of hands a pair
  Which cast of iron seem, I ween."

"Now do thou hear, thou servant maid,
  Thy jeers at me why dost thou throw?
Thou needst not fear or blame or sneer
  From me, however thou may'st sew.

"Forego thy scoffs, forego thy jeers,
  And do not watch me in such guise;
I thee don't mark on thy hand's work
  Whatever way I turn my eyes."

'Twas Hafbur then the King's good son
  To sew at length with zeal began;
And he sewed hart and hind with art,
  E'en as they run pursued by man.

He lilies sews, and roses bright,
  The birds upon the bough he sews;
At his address they all express
  Surprise, they'd him by no means lose.

And on sewed they till end of day,
  And till some part of night was fled;
With drowsy brows the proud maids rose,
  It lists them now to go to bed.

So late it was at nightly tide,
  Down fell the dew o'er hill and mead;
Then lists it her proud Signild fair
  With all the rest to bed to speed.

"O where shall I a bed procure?"
  Said Hafbur then, the King's good son.
"O thou shalt rest in chamber best
  With me the bolsters blue upon."

Proud Signild foremost went, and stepped
  The threshold of her chamber o'er;
With secret glee came Hafbur, he
  Had never been so glad before.

Then lighted they the waxen lights,
  So fairly twisted were the same.
Behind, behind, with ill at mind,
  The wicked servant maiden came.

The lights were out, the train retired,
  They thought that they were all alone;
His upper wede the knight with speed
  Did off, then bright his faulchion shone.

King Hafbur with delighted heart
  Upon the bed himself has flung;
I tell to ye for verity
  That as he fell his hauberk rung.

Then out and spake proud Signelil,
  She could not wonder half enough :
" Since I ve been born no maid has worn,
  That I have known, a sarke so rough."

Her hand upon young Hafbur's breast
  Which shone with ruddy gold she laid :
" To me make known why are not grown
  Your breasts like those of another maid ? "

" 'Tis custom in my father's land
  For maids to mount and ride to fight ;
My breasts not growing more, is owing
  Unto the chafe of my hauberk tight."

And there reclined the night so long
  The youthful hero and the may ;
They talking kept and nothing slept,
  For in their hearts so much there lay.

" Now do thou hear, proud Signild fair,
  Since all alone ourselves we find,
Tell me the truth, who is the youth
  For whom most stands your maiden
    mind ? "

"O there is none within the world
For whom I feel the least inclined,
Save Hafbur young, whose deeds are sung,
And he for me is not designed.

"Save Hafbur young whom it has been
These eyes hard fortune ne'er to see;
I've heard alone his bugle blown,
When to and fro the Ting rides he."

"And if it is prince Hafbur young
Whom thou dost hold at heart so dear,
Straight turn your face and on him gaze,
For he does lie to thee so near."

"If thou art he, why dost thou seek
A princely maiden to inveigle?
In manly sort to Siward's court
Why cam'st thou not with hawk and beagle?"

"O maiden, to your father's house
Long since I came with hawk and hound;
But my desire he met with ire,
Still in my ear his scoffs resound."

All, all the time that they did talk
  They thought that quite alone were they ;
But one stood near, and lent an ear
  To every word that they did say.

Shame, shame befall the wicked maid,
  'Twas she brought much mishap to pass ;
She sly removed the sword approved
  Of Hafbur, and the new cuirass.

When she had removed the sword approved,
  And Hafbur's good cuirass beside ;
To the hall away where Sivard lay
  The wicked maiden swiftly hied.

" Awake, awake, good Sivard King,
  Too much of sleep is in thy head !
Prince Hafbur know is lying now
  With Signild fair in silken bed."

" O young Prince Hafbur is not here,
  And it is false what thou hast told ;
To the Eastern main his way he's ta'en,
  With Russ and Finman fight to hold.

"So hold thy peace, thou wicked wench,
Nor lying tongue 'gainst Signe turn ;
Ere morn shall dye the Eastern sky
For thy foul slander thou shalt burn."

"Now do thou hear, my noble Lord,
Believe me all my words are true !
For see, I have his polished glaive,
And his cuirass of beaming blue."

So wroth grew Sivard at the sight,
And loud around he 'gan to shout :
"Upstand ye all my merry men tall,
For here is come a Kemp so stout.

"Now take ye brand and shield in hand,
And look ye wield them both aright ;
Unto our home is Hafbur come,
Unasked by me, the hard necked wight."

Upon the door they struck with power,
With shield and faulchion struck they hard :
"Come out, come out, young Bear," they shout,
"Come out unto the castle yard."

When that heard she, proud Signelil
  Her lily hands she fell to wring :
" Ah ! dost not hear, Prince Hafbur dear,
  How they for thee are clamouring ? "

Praise be to Hafbur, princely youth,
  Against a host he made a stand ;
They could not all the youth enthrall
  Till snapped the bed post in his hand.

They Hafbur took, and him they placed
  In shackles strong and newly made ;
But them in twain he burst amain,
  As had they only been of lead.

Then raised the ancient maid her voice,
  And cursèd counsel came from her :
" Bind yonder Bear with Signe's hair,
  And hand or foot he will not stir.

" Sirs, straightway bind ye Hafbur's hands
  With one of Signe's silken hairs ;
That little hair he will not dare
  To break, such love for her he bears."

And they took two of Signild's hairs,
  And bound with them his mighty hands ;
Such love possest the Hero's breast,
  He would not burst the tiny bands.

Then out and spake proud Signelil,
  Adown her cheeks the tears ran fast :
" O Hafbur tear the paltry hair,
  Thy Signe's free consent thou hast."

And they placed Hafbur, son of the King,
  Fast bounden in the castle hall ;
Both maid and dame to see him came,
  And his own maiden first of all.

They Hafbur took, the son of the King,
  And in strong irons him they laid ;
In woeful mood before him stood
  Full speedily his loving maid.

To him with burning tears she spake :
  " If Hafbur thou consent will give,
My good aunts three on bended knee
  Shall intercede that thou shalt live.

"My father threatens steadfastly
  To hang thee on the oaken bough,
Upon the moor at early hour
  Before again the sun shall glow."

Then answered young King Hafbur bold,
  And in high wrath the Hero spake :
"Too light I heed my life, to need
  That women prayer for me should make.

"Hear, Signild, hear, do thou show clear
  This day for me thy love is great ;
When in the string thou see me swing
  Within thy bower burn thee straight."

Then answered him proud Signelil,
  With streaming eyes and heaving breast :
"By the God above, my dearest love,
  I'll grant to thee thy last request."

From out the gate they Hafbur led,
  The King's good son, at solemn pace ;
For him sore cried all him that eyed,
  So hard and stern they thought his case.

And when they reached the verdant plain,
  Where he the gallant youth should die ;
He begged he might have a short respite,
  He'd prove his Signe's constancy.

"Do ye hang up my mantle red,
  That Sivard King the same may see ;
He may repent, and yet prevent
  Young Hafbur's hanging on a tree."

When Signild proud the mantle saw,
  The sight it pierced her like a knife :
"He's dead," she thought, "it vails me nought
  To tarry longer here in life."

She called together her maids with speed,
  Concealing well her bosom's woe :
"To have some play we'll wend our way
  Unto the lofty chamber now."

Then out and spake proud Signelil,
  She spake in stern determined guise :
"This day I will my own self kill,
  And Hafbur join in Paradise.

"If any one in our band has helped
  To bring him to his death so foul,
Shall rue his wrong when we ere long
  Shall burn together all to coal.

"So many there are in this palace fair
  Whom now the death of Hafbur gladdens;
But venge will I their cruelty
  This moment on their plighted maidens."

Then fire she set to her bower high,
  The fire so hastily it blazed;
How well she loved to all she proved
  Who on that conflagration gazed.

It was Hafbur, son of the King,
  O'er his shoulder blade he cast his sight;
Of Signe good the bower stood,
  Enwrapt in one tremendous light.

"Now take ye down my mantle red,
  And let it lie upon the plain;
Within my breast if I possessed
  Ten lives to beg them I'd disdain."

King Sivard out of the window looked,
  And on his mind such horror came;
For Hafbur he saw hang on a tree,
  And Signild's bower enwrapt in flame.

Outspake amain the little foot swain,
  And he a mantle red had on:
"Now burns in bower the beauteous flower
  With her fair maidens, every one."

Then up and spake grey Sivard the King,
  His face with paleness ghastly all:
"A fate so dour as this I'm sure
  Did never princes two befall.

"If I before had heard or known
  The power of love was half so great,
I'd ne'er, I swear, have vext the pair
  For all the wealth of Denmark's state.

"Run some some of ye to Signild's bower,
  And strive to bear my child relief;
Let others race to the gallows place,
  For Hafbur bold was ne'er a thief."

And when they came to Signe's bower
  All burnt they found the Lady fair ;
When out of breath they reached the heath,
  Hafbur was hanging dead in air.

They Hafbur took, the son of the King,
  And round him linen white they roll'd ;
And him they laid beside his maid,
  With many a tear in Christian mould.

And then the wicked maid they took,
  And to a death so horrid doomed ;
A fitting bed for her they made,
  Alive the wretch they have entombed.

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ELLEN OF VILLENSKOV.

THERE lies a wold in Vester Haf,
  There builds a boor his hold ;
And thither he carries hawk and hound,
  He'll stay through winter's cold.

He takes with him both hound and cock,
  He means there long to stay ;
The wild deer in the wood that are
  For his arrival pay.

He hews the oak and poplar tall,
  He fells the good beech tree ;
Then fill'd was the laidly Trold with spite
  That he should make so free.

He hews him posts, he hews him balks,
  He early toils and late ;
Out spake the Trolds within the hill :
  " Who knocks at such a rate ? "

Then up and spake the youngest Trold,
  As emmet small to view :
" O here is come a Christian man,
  But verily he shall rue."

Upstood the smallest of the Trolds,
  And round he roll'd his eyes :
" O we will hie to the yeoman's house,
  And o'er him hold assize.

" He hews away our sheltering wood,
  Meanwhile shall we be tame ?
No ! I from him his wife will take,
  And make him suffer shame."

All the Trolds in the hill that were
  Wild for the fray upbound ;
They hie away to the yeoman's house,
  Their tails all curling round.

Seven and a hundred were the Trolds,
  Their laidliness was great ;
To the yeoman's house they'll go as guests,
  With him to drink and eat.

The hound is yelling in the yard,
  The herdsman blows his horn ;
Crows the cock and clucks the hen
  As the yeoman throws them corn.

Of Villenskov the yeoman saw
  The Trolds the window through :
"Now help me Jesu, Mary's son,
  Those trolds have me in view."

He sign'd the cross in every nook,
  But mostly in his room ;
Some of the Trolds in fright thereat
  Flew to the forest's gloom.

Some flew east, and some flew west,
  And some flew north away ;
And others flew to the valleys deep,
  Where still, I trow, they stay.

But ah! the smallest of the Trolds
  Bold enter'd at the door;
For crossing he refus'd to flee,
  Was bent on mischief sore.

The housewife thought of a good device,
  She plac'd him at the board,
And before him set both ale and meat,
  With many a courteous word.

"Hear, husbandman of Villenskov,
  Attend to what I say;
Who has to thee permission given
  To build where I have sway?

"Since thou to build within my bounds
  Hast ta'en the liberty,
Thou shalt to me thy housewife give,
  For I with her will lie."

Then answer made the hapless man,
  As God gave him the thought:
"Thou shalt not Ellen get from me,
  Like her I value nought."

He answer made unto the Trold:
  "Let but my wife alone,
And do thou take my money and goods,
  And keep them for thy own."

"Then I will Ellen take, and thee,
  And tread ye both to gore;
And I will take thy silver and gold
  And hide it 'neath my floor."

The yeoman and his household all
  Were seized with mighty fright:
"Better that one of us be lost
  Than all destroy'd outright."

Then up and stood the desp'rate man,
  With sore affliction rife;
And he has given his Ellen dear
  To the young Trold for wife.

Then wax'd he glad, and sprang about,
  So fondly her he pressed;
O then how pale her cheeks became,
  She was so sore distrest!

Then out and spake the afflicted Dame
  Whilst shedding many a tear:
"O God in mercy look on me,
  My fate is hard to bear.

"I did possess as fair a man
  As ever walk'd on mead,
But now perforce with laidly Trold
  Must do adulterous deed."

He kiss'd her once, he kiss'd her twice,
  Her heart yet sadder grew;
The laidliest Devil he became
  That man did ever view.

When the third time he her would kiss
  She call'd on Mary's son;
Then he became a lovely knight,
  His elfin shape was gone.

It happen'd neath a linden green
  He was from woe releas'd;
Then straightway fled all fear and dread,
  So well they all were pleas'd.

" Hear, thou beloved Ellenlile,
  Consent my wife to be,
And all the gold in England's isle
  I will bestow on thee.

" When I was little, Death from me
  My mother took away ;
My step-dame drove me forth, and I
  Became a Trold so gray.

" I'll give thy husband gifts of price
  And titles fair beside ;
In verity, thou yeoman's dame,
  Thou wilt become my bride."

" Thou noble knight, we'll thank the Lord
  From woe who set us free,
If thou wilt wed some fair young maid
  You both may live in glee."

" If thee I can't in marriage get
  I'll have thy daughter bright,
And all thy benefits to me
  By crowning her requite.

"Thanks, Ellen, thanks, thou woman wise,
  To praise thee I'll not cease ;
If I may not thy love obtain
  I'll leave thee here in peace."

Now builds the yeoman on his isle,
  And no one him offends ;
His daughter bears old England's crown,
  And happy days she spends.

Now Ellen has, the yeoman's wife,
  Escap'd from care and harm ;
She's mother to a Queen, who sleeps
  Within a Monarch's arm.

Who bore him first a daughter fine,
  And then a blooming heir ;
They thank'd the Lord on every side
  For all their fortune fair.

The daughter now of Ellenlile
  Of England has the sway ;
And Ellen with her yeoman lives,
  Each other's equals they.

URANIENBORG.

From Heiberg.

THOU who the strand dost wander,
  Thy steps, O traveller, stay!
Turn to the island yonder,
  And listen to my lay.
Thy every meditation
  Bid hither, hither stray:
On yonder banks its station
  Had once a Castelaye.

In long past days in glory
  It stood, and grandeur sheen
Now 'twas so transitory
  Its ruins scarce are seen.

But in old days I warrant
  Its equal was not found;
From every side apparent
  High tower'd it from the ground.

For no sea-king intended
  I ween was yonder hold;
Urania, it ascended
  In praise of thee so bold.
Close by the ocean roaring,
  Far, far from mortal jars,
It stood tow'rds heaven soaring,
  And tow'rds the little stars.

A gate in the wall eastward,
  Display'd its mighty mouth;
There was another westward,
  And spires stood north and south.
The dome itself, high rearing,
  A slender spirelet bore,
Upon it, ever veering,
  A Pegasus gilt o'er.

Towers which the sight astounded
  In north and south were plac'd ;
Upon strong pillars founded,
  And with fair galleries grac'd.
And there caught the attention
  Of those that thither stroll'd,
Quadrants of hugh dimension,
  And speres in frames that roll'd.

From yonder Castle, gazing
  Across the isle, you spied
The woods, their heads up-raising,
  And ocean's bluey tide.
The halls the sight enchanted
  With colours bright of blee ;
The gardens they were planted
  With many a flower and tree.

When down came night careering
  And vanish'd was the sun,
The stars were seen appearing
  All heaven's arch upon.

Then far was heard the yelling,
  When you thereto gave heed,
Of those that watch'd the dwelling,
  Four hounds of mastiff breed.

The good knight ceas'd to walk on
  The fields of war and gore,
His helm and sword the balk on
  He hung, to use no more.
From earth, its woe and riot,
  His soul had taken flight,
When in his chamber quiet
  He sat at dead of night.

Then he his eye erected
  Into the night so far,
And keen the course inspected
  Of every twinkling star.
The stars his fame transported
  Wide over sea and land,
And kings his friendship courted,
  And sought his islet's strand.

But point the stars from heaven
  To lands far o'er the main ;
He went, by fortune driven,
  And ne'er returned again.
The haughty walls through sorrow
  Have long since sunken low,
And heavy plow-shares furrow
  Thy house, Urania, now.

Each time the sun is sinking
  It friendly looks on Hveen ;
Its rays there linger, thinking
  On what the place has been.
The moon hastes melancholy
  Past, past the coast so dear,
And in love's transport holy
  Shines Freya's starlet clear.

Then suddenly takes to heaving
  Of that same ruin'd hold
The basis deep, believing
  It is some eve of old.

For many moments gladly
  'Twould rise up from the mould ;
But ah ! it can't, and sadly
  Sinks in death's slumber cold.

THE READY ANSWER.

THE brother to his dear sister spake ;
"Wilt thou not quickly a husband take?"

"Dear brother, I'll do no such thing,
I'm far too young for marrying."

"Then why so oft do I hear it said
That thou preparest thee to wed?"

"Ah! folks such store of scandal say,
That only fools attention pay."

"Who was that gallant knight, that rode
This morning early from thy abode?"

"A very gallant knight, indeed,
It was my page upon his steed."

"What might that pair of shoes betide,
That lately stood by thy bedside?"

"If pair of shoes stood ever there,
That pair of shoes my slippers were."

"Those children small, how came they, say,
The other day in thy bed that lay?"

"No children small I ween were they,
But pups with which I'm wont to play."

"How happ'd this morn that baby scream.
Which from thy chamber broke my dream?"

"O babes in that guise seldom squall,
My maid cried for her keys so small."

"What might that splendid cradle mean,
Which hidden here I oft have seen?"

"It was no cradle met thine eyes.
But my silk woof about that lies.

" Brother if thou hast questions more,
I've other answers still in store."

When women for answers are at stop,
There'll be in the main no water drop.

EPIGRAMS

1.

THERE'S no living, my boy, without plenty of gold,
But gold to obtain you must ever be bold.
The Diver will never who feareth the shark
Bring up precious pearls from the sea caverns dark.

2.

O think not you'll change what on high is designed,
  Though you lift up your hands and to heaven you shout;
The Angel will grieve not, who governs the wind,
  Though a gust should the lamp of the widow blow out.

3.

Load not thyself with gold, O mortal man, for know
  No strength thou'lt have for loads when summon'd hence away.
Avoid excess of meat, it maketh gross, I trow,
  And gross thou must not be when summon'd hence away;
For through the narrow gate thou'lt find it hard to go
  Of death, if thou art gross when summon'd hence away.

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THE SONGS OF RANILD

GEORGE BORROW

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THE SONGS OF RANILD.

SONG THE FIRST.

Up Riber's street the dance they ply,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
There dance the knights most merrily,
For young King Erik Erikson.

On Riber's bridge the dance it goes,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
There dance the knights in scollop'd shoes,
For young King Erik Erikson.

'Twas Riber Wolf the dance who led,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
In faith to his King he had been bred,
For young King Erik Erikson.

And next him danced the Tage Mouse,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
Who Seneschal was in Ribe house,
For young King Erik Erikson.

And then danced bold Sir Saltensee,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
Followed by wealthy kinsmen three,
For young King Erik Erikson.

The noble Limbekk dances next,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
Whose power the King had often vext,
For young King Erik Erikson.

After him danced the Byrge Green,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
Then many a knight of handsome mien,
For young King Erik Erikson.

And then came dancing Hanke Kann,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
His Lady followed, good Dame Ann,
For young King Erik Erikson.

The next that came was the Ridder Rank,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
His Lady behind him, Berngard Blank,
For young King Erik Erikson.

And then the high Volravn came,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
His wife behind, who has no name,
For young King Erik Erikson.

And then came dancing Sir Iver Helt,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
Who followed his sovereign over the Belt,
For young King Erik Erikson.

Long stood the Ranild Lang apart,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
Ere he to join the dance had heart,
For young King Erik Erikson.

"And were it not for my lovely hair,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
In that brave dance I'd have a share,
For young King Erik Erikson.

"But for my cheeks so rosy red,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
The foremost in that dance I'd tread,"
For young King Erik Erikson.

Then Ranild Lang to dance began,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
And a ditty sang as he led the van,
For young King Erik Erikson.

Sweet he warbled, light he sprang,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
After him every warrior sang,
For young King Erik Erikson.

Then up the Spendel Sko arose,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
And on Ranild Lang her troth bestows,
For young King Erik Erikson.

With silk was snooded her hair of gold,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
She danced before them free and bold,
For young King Erik Erikson.

And into the Castle they dance their way,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
With drawn swords 'neath their scarlet array,
For young King Erik Erikson.

Never, I ween, was a braver dance,
The Castle's won, the Castle's won!
It wins the Castle of Rosenkrands,
For young King Erik Erikson

THE SONGS OF RANILD.

SONG THE SECOND.

To saddle his courser Ranild cried:
  For thus the tale was told to me—
"To visit the rich Greve I will ride,
  Though banish'd from the land we be."

To the house came Ranild spurring hard,
  For thus the tale was told to me—
There stood the Greve arrayed in mard,
  Though banish'd from the land we be.

"Hail, hail, Sir Greve, arrayed so fine!
  For thus the tale was told to me—
I want my bride, the little Kirstine,
  Though banish'd from the land I be."

Then up and spoke her mother dear:
For thus the tale was told to me—
"Thou hast no bride, Sir Ranild, here,
For banish'd from the land ye be."

"O if I can't my little bride get,
For thus the tale was told to me—
On fire your house and your gear I'll set,
Though banish'd from the land I be."

"O rather than ruin us in thy wrath,
For thus the tale was told to me—
Receive thy bride and ride thy path,
Though banish'd from the land ye be."

They o'er her threw the blue cloak with speed,
For thus the tale was told to me—
And placed her upon Sir Ranild's steed,
Though banish'd from the land he be.

They had for their bridal bed alone,
For thus the tale was told to me—
The holt, the field, and the mead new mown,
For banish'd from the land they be.

"The forest can hear, and the mead can view,
For thus the tale was told to me—
We here must live as outlaws do,
For banish'd from the land we be."

"Hadst thou not helped the King to slay,
For thus the tale was told to me—
In peace at home we now might stay,
But banish'd from the land we be."

He struck her a blow the table o'er,
For thus the tale was told to me—
"Should'st guard thy tongue, child, guests before,
Though banish'd from the land we be."

He struck her on her face so fair:
For thus the tale was told to me—
"In Erik's death I had no share,
Though banished from the land I be."

THE SONGS OF RANILD.

SONG THE THIRD.

So wide around the tidings bound
  That Ranild's prisoner taken;
Had he been aware how it would fare
  He had not Hielm forsaken.
The death of woe, spaed long ago,
  They'll wreak on him now, I reckon.

Into the hall steps Ranild tall,
  And withouten trepidation;
Bids his Lord good bye, and the chivalry
  Who have at court their station.
O, Lord Christ! be each man kept free
  From misfortune and tribulation.

"In mind dost bear, King Erik dear,
On whom may blessings pour,
That service I wrought in your father's court,
Of all his swains the flower?
Both in and out I've borne you about
In sunshine and in shower."

"Yes, service you wrought in my father's court,
For money and clothes imparted,
And betrayed his life to the foeman's knife,
Like a monster treacherous hearted.
And as sure as now the crown's on my brow,
To the wheel thou shalt be carted."

"Hew off, I intreat, my hands and feet,
Most willingly them I proffer;
My eyes blood red tear out of my head,
And the worst death let me suffer;
But all the pains that Ranild gains
For his treason scarce enough are."

"Thine eyeballs twain thou may'st retain,
  And thy hands and feet unriven;
But thou thy breath shalt yield to a death
  The cruellest under heaven;
And be it known, for my father alone
  This punishment is given."

Ranild they brought from Roskild out,
  He wrung his hands with sorrow;
And the women all salt tears let fall,
  Who lived in that ancient borough.
The wretched wight wished all good
    night,
  And a light heart on the morrow.

Ranild they bore the town before,
  The wheel his sight saluted:
"Christ guard each noble from such like
    trouble,"
  In agony he shouted,
"If at Hielm I'd staid it had better sped,
  Nor to that had I been devoted.

"Would God would send a trusty friend,
  Who would my message carry,
To Kirstine fair, who sits in care,
  To Ranild true to tarry.
O Christ help all my babies small,
  And bless my bosom's dearie!

"Ye Christian folk, whom, with dying look,
  On the mead I am discerning,
A pater pray for my soul, to stay
  Of God the anger burning;
That me He receive this very eve
  To the joys for which I'm yearning."

CHILD STIG AND CHILD FINDAL

CHILD STIG and Child Findal two brothers were they,
There ne'er were two brothers more gallant and gay.

Child Stig serves the Dane King in bower and hall,
High dames brushed his hair, and fair maidens withal.

Child Stig by the board of the Monarch he stood,
To him little Kirstin was cruel of mood.

"Full seven years I have been Lord of the Rune,
Of its power I'll make trial this same afternoon."

With his right hand he skinked the wine and the mead
And cast with his left the Rune characters dread.

To cast them on Kirstin the gallant Stig meant,
But under the dress of Rigissa they went.

O pallid as ashes the gallant Stig grew,
And red as the blood was Rigissa to view.

The gallant Child Stig placed his cap on his head,
And unto his foster dame's chamber he sped.

"Dear Foster dame, give me some counsel, I pray,
How I may escape from this palace away.

"To cast the Rune letters at Kirstin I meant,
But under the dress of Rigissa they went.

"I will mount my good courser so true and so tried,
And away to the ends of the earth I will ride."

Said she: "Shouldst thou travel all Finland around,
This night at thy couch will Rigissa be found.

"And e'en shouldst thou ride to the earth's farthest land,
This night by thy couch she will certainly stand.

"But, Child Stig, I advise thee, call up a good heart,
And home to thy bed and thy slumbers depart.

"She'll tap on the door of thy chamber, I ween,
But still do thou keep, let her in by no mean.

"But ten fingers has she, so tiny and small,
And with them from the door she will pick the nails all.

"She will set herself down on the side of thy bed,
And play with the long yellow locks of thy head.

"So fondly she'll stroke thy fair cheek in the dark,
But do thou remain as thou wert stiff and stark.

"She'll kiss thee full oft on thy lips rosy red,
But do thou lie still as were life from thee fled."

Child Stig he gave ear to his foster dame's rede,
And away to his bed he betook him with speed.

'Twas late in the even, and down fell the dew,
Rigissa flung o'er her her mantle of blue.

The lovely maid she her blue mantle put on,
And unto the chamber of Stig she is gone.

On the door of the chamber begins she to knock:
"Arise, O Child Stig, and thy chamber unlock."

"At the Ting to appear, I have summoned no wight,
And none I'll admit to my chamber at night."

She's fingers, ten fingers, so tiny and small,
And out of the door she has picked the nails all.

Fifteen iron nails, and a big stud of brass,
Then into the chamber Rigissa could pass.

She sat herself down by the side of the bed,
And played with the locks of the young gallant's head.

She kissed him full oft on his mouth rosy red,
But still he remained as were life from him fled.

In her arms the young Stig she so fondly did press,
But quiet he lay nor returned her caress.

Child Stig he awoke, and cast up his eyes:
"Who wakes me from sleep in this manner?" he cries.

"If I cannot, Rigissa, my rest for thee take,
To the Dane King, thy brother, complaint I will make."

"O thou may'st complain if thou feelest inclin'd,
But thou art the man on whom standeth my mind."

The very next morning ere high was the sun,
Child Stig to complain to the Dane King is gone.

"Dear Lord, I have this to complain of to thee,
For thy sister at night I at rest cannot be."

The King in displeasure his footboy address'd:
"To come to my presence my sister request."

Rigissa came in, 'fore the table stood she:
"What mean'st thou, O brother, by sending for me?"

"O here is a knight doth complaint of thee make,
He cannot at night his repose for thee take."

"It is but God's truth that his chamber I sought,
But nothing unseemly betwixt us was wrought.

"Steel, glowing steel, I will bear on my hand,
And of crime with Child Stig I acquitted will stand."

Long stood the Dane King, full of thought was his head:
"With no better man I my sister can wed."

All hearts in the Dane King's palace were gay,
The Dane King has given his sister away.

There was pleasure and smiling in every look,
For his beloved Lady Child Stig the maid took.

Child Stig he brews ale, and the wine doth prepare,
He the Dane King invites to his castle so fair.

The King and his gallant men all biddeth he,
And the Queen of the Danes of the party should be.

Outspake the fair Queen, on her steed as she rode:
"Methinks I behold of Child Stig the abode."

And thereto the page at her bridle replied:
"Of Stig the brave castle is known far and wide.

"Within with the richest of gold it is graced,
Without with white silver 'tis all over cased."

And, lo, when the gate of the castle they gained,
Five shaggy white bears stood before it enchained.

And when in procession they entered the court,
Within it the hart and the roebuck did sport.

In the midst of the court was a silver trough long,
Of birds and of animals round it a throng.

Above spread the poplar and linden their shade,
In its coolness the hart and the little hind played.

An apartment they entered, full lofty and fair,
Was crowded with women so courtly of air.

All of red amber composed was the floor,
The roof with gilt letters was written all o'er.

The table it was of the red shining gold
The napkin of Agerwool rare to behold.

The walls were constructed of fair marble stone,
The beams of the roof of the whitest whale bone.

On the floor they are dancing with rapture so high,
Tall, slender, and stately Sir Stig dances by.

Straight and slim as a sapling Child Stig dances up,
In each hand holding a fair silver cup.

Child Stig to the health of his bonny bride quaffed,
And forest and meadow delightedly laughed.

The forest it bloomed, the boughs leaves put forth—
She excels every damsel in beauty and worth.

Late in the evening the mist it descends,
Child Stig his young bride to her chamber attends.

Now gallant Child Stig has o'ercome his distress,
He sleeps in the arm of a lovely princess.

And Damsel Rigissa is free from her fright,
By the side of Child Stig she reposes each night.

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